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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

NOVEMBER 1972

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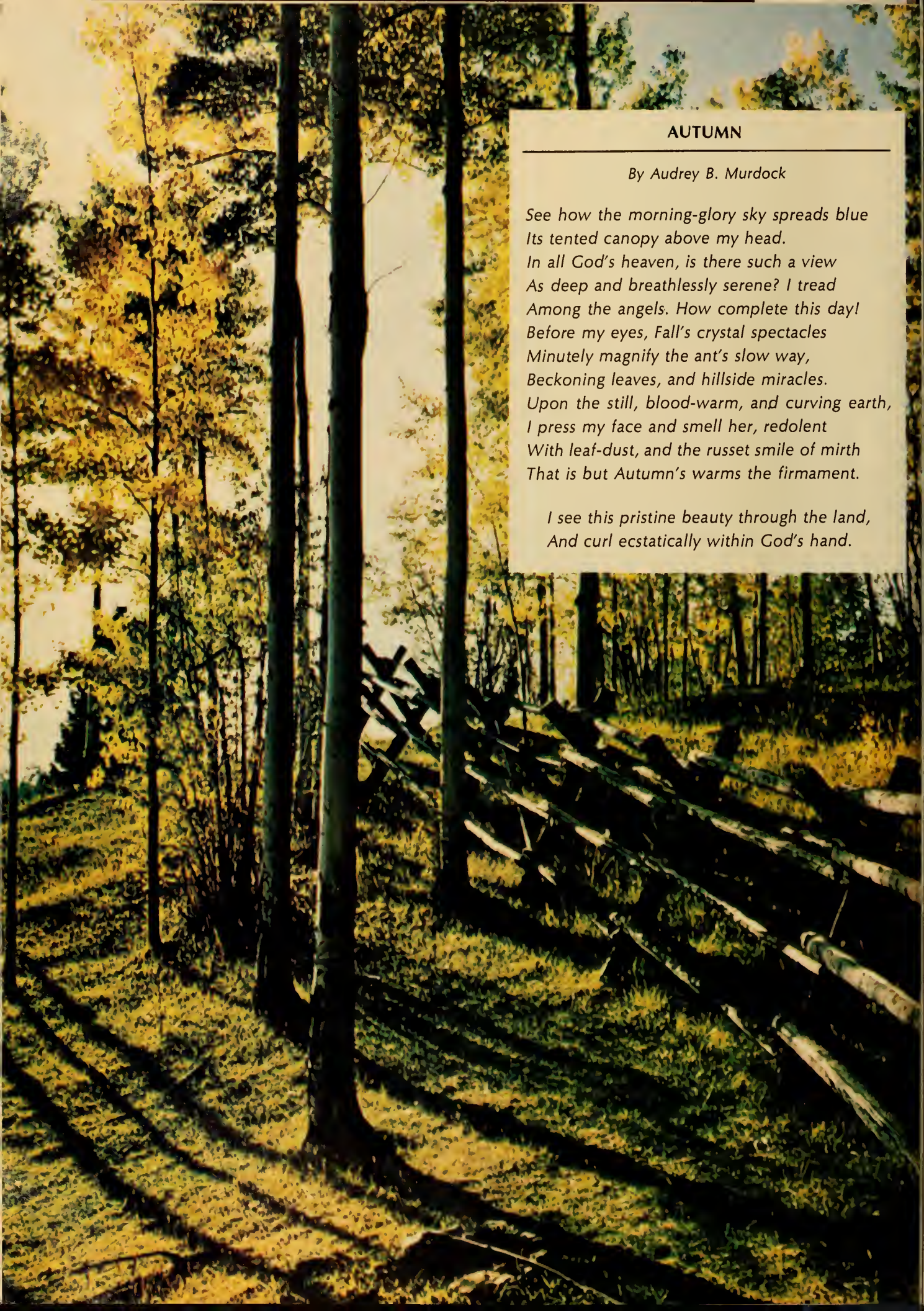
Special Report:

WHAT HOPE FOR THE AMERICAN CRIMINAL?

And Jesus answered, "I tell you truly, this very day you will be with me in Paradise."



AUTUMN

By Audrey B. Murdock

See how the morning-glory sky spreads blue
Its tented canopy above my head.
In all God's heaven, is there such a view
As deep and breathlessly serene? I tread
Among the angels. How complete this day!
Before my eyes, Fall's crystal spectacles
Minutely magnify the ant's slow way,
Beckoning leaves, and hillside miracles.
Upon the still, blood-warm, and curving earth,
I press my face and smell her, redolent
With leaf-dust, and the russet smile of mirth
That is but Autumn's warms the firmament.

I see this pristine beauty through the land,
And curl ecstatically within God's hand.

"One of the criminals who were hanged railed at him, saying, 'Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us!' But the other rebuked him, saying, 'Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we are receiving the due reward of our deeds; but this man has done nothing wrong.' And he said: 'Jesus, remember me when you come to your kingly power.' And he [Jesus] said to him, 'Truly, I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise.' " (Luke 23:39-43.) Our cover this month, designed by Art Editor Robert Gass, depicts a present-day criminal in prison garb, suffering on his own figurative cross. A major emphasis theme of this issue is prisons, prisoners, and law enforcement. [See pages 20-32.]

TOGETHER **NOVEMBER, 1972**
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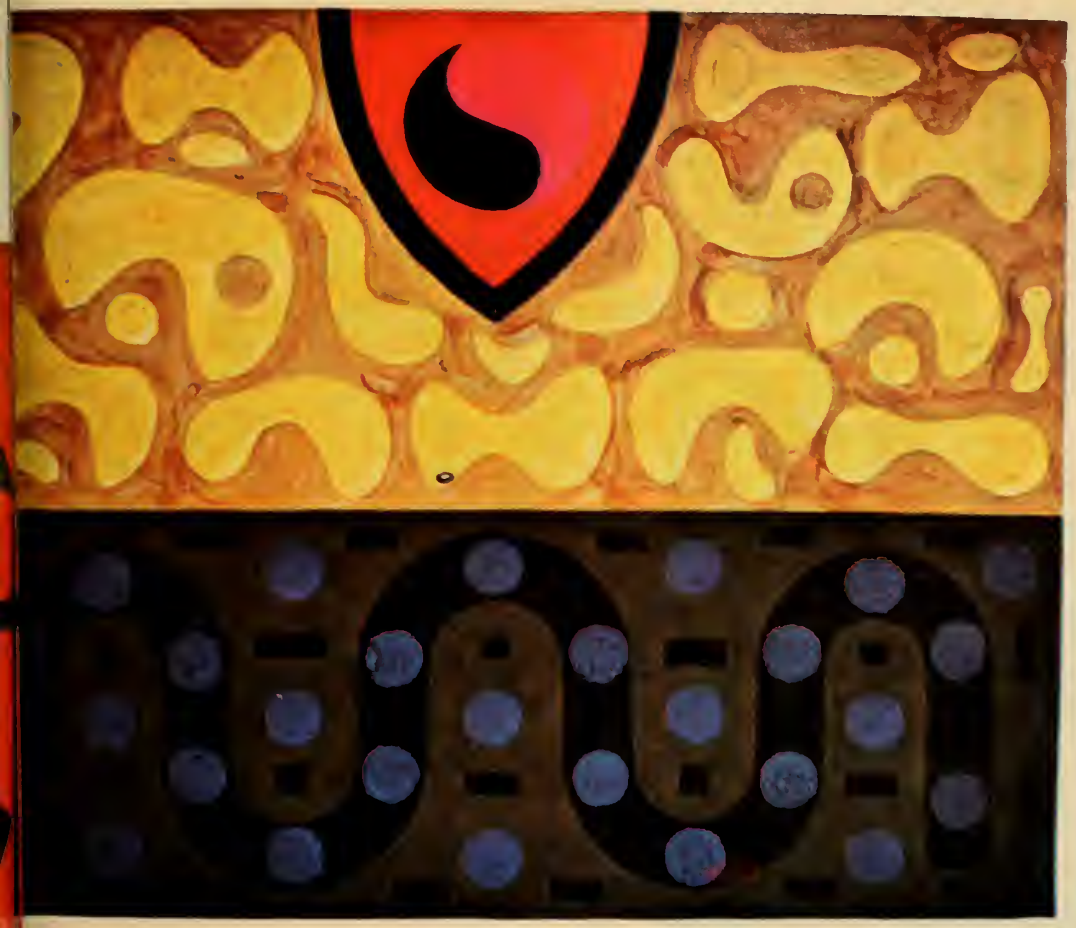
The Seven Days of Creation

On the first day the Spirit of God brooded over the waters.

As generations of artists have learned, the epic scope and wonder of the biblical story of creation defies literal interpretation. Realizing this, an Australian artist adopted symbolism and color to produce nonfigurative designs in tapestries of unusual warmth, richness, and beauty. John Coburn's *Seven Days of Creation,* woven from Australian wool and measuring around 7 by 6 feet each, were recently presented to the John Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C., by the Australian government. Mr. Coburn, whose work is hailed in many parts of the world, also has designed curtains for Australia's new $95 million Opera House complex in Sydney.



On the second day God separated the light from the dark.

On the third day God created the earth.

On the fourth day
God created the sun
and the moon and
the stars.

On the fifth day
God created the fish
of the sea, the birds of
the air, and the beasts
of the dry land.

n the sixth day
od created man.

On the
seventh day
God
rested.

Platforms and Policies . . .

WEIGHING THE ISSUE

United Methodists represent a cross section of political viewpoints—Republican, Democratic, independent, and so forth. *Together* endorses no political party or candidate, but does encourage each voter to make a thorough study of the issues in the campaign.

For a somewhat different view of the 1972 political scene, *Together*'s Associate Editor Patricia Afzal has compiled this comparative chart. It includes excerpts from the Democratic and Republican Party Platforms in parallel columns together with corresponding subjects from the new Statement of Social Principles and the policy resolutions of the General Conference of The United Methodist Church. Voters should also take note of the advice John Wesley gave his followers in a 1747 essay on Christian citizenship. He said: "Act as if the whole election depended upon your single vote."

Democratic Party	General Conference	Republican Party
Viet Nam War Immediate and complete withdrawal of all U.S. military forces in Indochina and an end to all U.S. military action in southeast Asia. "Humanitarian assistance" to war victims. Insistence on the release of all U.S. POWs in any war resolution.	**Viet Nam War** Urges Congress to cease immediately the bombing in Indochina, withdraw all U.S. troops no later than December 31, 1972, cut off funds for military activity in Viet Nam, and pay reparations to war victims. Plead for release of all POWs by same date.	**Viet Nam War** Withdraw U.S. forces from Viet Nam four months after all U.S. prisoners are released and after an internationally supervised cease-fire has gone into effect. Seek a settlement which permits south Asian people to determine their political future.
Amnesty When the fighting ceases and our troops and POWs have returned, amnesty for those who conscientiously refused to serve in the war and were prosecuted or sought refuge abroad.	**Amnesty** Because of limited time for debate, the 1972 General Conference accepted for study two opposing views on amnesty, but included support for whatever conscientious choice youth make in Social Principles' section on military service.	**Amnesty** Reject all proposals to grant amnesty to those who evaded military service. Support an all-volunteer armed force. Recognize the uncertainties the draft poses for the youth of America.
Foreign Policy Reestablish the United Nations as a key forum for international activity. Abide by the UN Security Council decision on Rhodesia sanctions. Establish regular diplomatic relations with Mainland China. Cease American support for Greece and Portugal; sharply reduce military assistance in Latin America; oppose "racial totalitarianism" of South Africa; pursue with Soviet Russia mutual force reductions in Europe; adhere to liberal trade policies, but oppose those which harm American workers; relieve the hardship of workers injured by foreign competition; promote export of American farm products.	**Foreign Policy** For peace with justice utilize the United Nations and the International Court of Justice. Disarmament agreements within the framework of the UN. Discourage the church from investing in those U.S. companies which invest in southern Africa; seek from these companies the facts of their involvement and ask that they be made public. Urge any income from the church's investment in corporations which invest in southern Africa or an equivalent amount be given to an enlarged Board of Missions Southern Africa Fund. Urge corporations to adopt fair-employment policies as they are required to do in the United States.	**Foreign Policy** Continue to negotiate with adversaries to improve security and cooperation and reduce tension. Encourage increased trade benefiting consumers, businessmen, workers, farmers, and expansion of contacts with Mainland China. Support Israel; aid in bringing Israel and the Arab states to the conference table. Maintain tactical forces in Europe and the Mediterranean. Regard Cuba as ineligible for readmission to the "community of American states." Approve Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) agreements. Reject proposals to decrease defense forces. Endorse North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

F CAMPAIGN '72

Democratic Party	General Conference	Republican Party
Taxes Reform tax structure to distribute the cost of government "more fairly"; close "unjustified" tax loopholes and remove all "unfair" corporate and individual tax preferences; reduce the local property tax by equalizing school spending and by substantial increases in the federal share of education costs and revenue sharing.	**Taxes** Support for measures which would reduce the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. Support for efforts to revise tax structures and eliminate governmental programs that now benefit the wealthy at the expense of other persons.	**Taxes** System needs continual reform. Pledge to pursue such policies as revenue sharing to allow property-tax relief, and further tax reform to ensure that the tax burden is fairly shared. Reject tax reforms which would raise the taxes of millions of middle-income Americans.
Business Eliminate wage and price controls. Step up antitrust action to help competition. Deconcentrate shared monopolies. Stiffen civil and criminal statutes to make corporate officers responsible for their actions. Abolish the oil-import quotas.	**Business** Support efforts to ensure truth in pricing, packaging, lending, and advertising. Manufacturers serve society best when they aid consumers by offering needed goods and services of high quality at the lowest cost consistent with economic practices.	**Business** Removal of wage and price controls when the economic distortions are repaired. Affirm support for the basic principles of capitalism and assert that nothing has done more to help Americans achieve their standard of living than the free enterprise system.
Labor Continued support for free collective bargaining. Repeal of section in National Labor Relations Act which allows states to legislate the open shop. Universal coverage and longer duration of the Unemployment Insurance and Workmen's Compensation programs. Move to minimum wage of $2.50 per hour, and expand coverage of the Fair Labor Standards Act to "include the 16 million workers" not covered now.	**Labor** Recognition and support for the right of workers to organize and bargain collectively over wages, hours, and conditions of labor. Request Congress to amend the National Labor Relations Act to include in its coverage government employees (federal, state, and local) and employees of hospitals operated entirely on a nonprofit basis.	**Labor** Salute labor union movement. Support collective bargaining. Continue to develop procedures whereby labor and management can more effectively seek solutions for structural adjustment and productivity. Continue to search for solutions to emergency labor disputes which protect the welfare of American people and restrict government interference in collective bargaining.
Welfare Replace present welfare system with an income-security program. Full employment policy which assures every American a job at a fair wage. Make the Social Security tax progressive by raising substantially the ceiling on earned income.	**Welfare** A national program of income maintenance and a full employment policy are needed with public and private welfare programs which provide physical necessities for all who need them, respect dignity of people, and encourage economic independence.	**Welfare** The nation's system must be reformed. Pledge to stop abuses of the welfare system. Flatly oppose policies of government-guaranteed income. Push for sound welfare reform until helpful change is enacted into law by Congress.
Education Increase federal financial aid for elementary and secondary education. Step up efforts to meet special needs and costs of educationally disadvantaged children.	**Education** Support the development of school systems and innovative methods of education designed to assist each child, ethnic minority member, and retarded or handicapped persons toward full humanity.	**Education** Favor the neighborhood school concept. Support channeling public financial aid to support the education of all children in schools of their parents' choice by such means as income-tax credits.

(Continued on pages 8 and 9)

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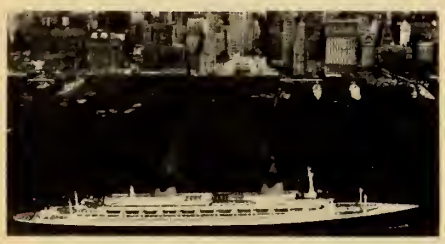

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Democratic Party

Bussing

Must continue to be available according to U.S. Supreme Court decisions. Support the goal of desegregation as a means to achieve equal access to quality education for all our children.

Civil Rights

End to the "pattern of political persecution and investigation." End to wiretapping and electronic surveillance. Commitment to uphold the rights of women, children, the mentally retarded and ill, Indians, elderly, and poor. Recognition of welfare-rights groups and their right to represent welfare recipients.

Health Care

Establish a system of universal national health insurance to be federally financed and administered. Family-planning services should be available to all on a noncoercive, nondiscriminatory basis.

Crime

Protection for all without undermining fundamental liberties. Cease using "law and order" as justification for repression. A national effort against the usage of drugs and addiction; recognition of addiction as a health problem. A ban on handguns known as "Saturday-night specials." Revision of sentencing procedures and greater use of community-based rehabilitation facilities.

Housing

Completely overhaul the Federal Housing Administration "to make it consumer-oriented." Provide low-interest loans to finance the construction and purchase of decent housing. Promote free choice in housing through grants, diversified housing in new communities, and enforcement of fair-housing laws.

Environment

Strict standards and prosecution to prevent pollution by private and public projects. Where appropriate, taxes need to be levied on pollution to give industry incentive to clean up.

General Conference

Bussing

Support the use of bussing where appropriate for school integration and oppose legislative action or constitutional amendments prohibiting such bussing.

Civil Rights

Request Congress to prohibit any branch of the military to engage in surveillance of and data collection on U.S. civilians; oppose the use of wiretapping, and so forth, without court order; eliminate "no knock" entry provisions from crime bills. Recognize rights of women, ethnics, children, the handicapped, and the elderly.

Health Care

Urge equal access to the best available health care and personnel for all persons; comprehensive health care; national health standards at regional, state, and community levels. Challenge the church to contribute to mental health and healing.

Crime

Support for creative changes in penal policy and practice, greater financial investment in rehabilitation and de-emphasis upon punishment and custody, establishment and assurance of separate juvenile and adult detention facilities, careful selection and training of corrections personnel. Endorse elimination of private ownership and use of handguns, except in extremely limited instances.

Housing

Housing for low-income persons should be given top priority as a national goal. Urge increased support for rent supplements, home ownership programs, and Model Cities programs. Urge Congress to require minimum and maximum levels of low and moderate-income housing in suburbs, new communities, and large scale developments.

Environment

Call to all society to curb excessive and unnecessary use and abuse of the earth's resources; to appropriately conservative uses of land, water, forests, and wildlife; and to responsible life-styles and stewardship on "spaceship earth."

Republican Party

Bussing

Oppose bussing for racial balance; regard it as unnecessary, counterproductive and wrong. Committed to equality of educational opportunity and an end to *de jure* school segregation.

Civil Rights

Defend the citizen's right to privacy. Oppose computerized national data banks. Voluntary prayer should be permitted in public places, provided that it is not prescribed by the state and that no person's participation is coerced. Preserve the traditional separation of church and state.

Health Care

Goal of quality health care at a reasonable cost to every American. Support comprehensive health-insurance coverage financed by employers, employees, and the federal government. Oppose nationalized compulsory health insurance.

Crime

Pledge a "tireless campaign" against crime. Support local police, reform the Federal Criminal Code. Accelerate drive against organized crime, increase funding of the federal judiciary, support prison reform and rehabilitation concept, make efforts to prevent criminal access to all weapons, support citizen's right to bear firearms and use them for legitimate purposes.

Housing

Oppose the use of housing development programs to impose arbitrary housing patterns on unwilling communities. Belief in providing communities incentives to increase the quality and quantity of housing in conjunction with providing increased access to jobs for their low-income citizens.

Environment

Pledge a workable balance between a growing economy and environmental protection. Implement comprehensive pollution laws and research into pollution-control problems. □

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NEWS

CHURCH 'MANAGERS' UNDERGO TRAINING TO BECOME 'LEADERS'

A kindly critic named Tom Bennett III led United Methodism's "managers"--its bishops, district superintendents, and annual conference program directors--through intense training to become "leaders" Sept. 22-24 in Cleveland, Ohio. The entire venture was a sharp reversal from the old effort to "sell the program."

Dr. Bennett, a management consultant and program designer long acquainted with United Methodism, plied the nearly 1,000 leaders, including general board and agency staff, with term definitions and organizational analysis. By preassigned seating, bishops were enabled to work with bishops, district superintendents with district superintendents, and so on in problem solving.

One exercise forced the participants to go through one typical district superintendent's "in-basket." In only 90 minutes they were supposed to deal with actual-but-anonymous cases ranging from a pastor's distraught wife to an enraged prominent financial backer to an invitation to a church music festival.

Even the innovative daily worship services were geared to the theme, Learning to Lead. General staff people were available in evening sessions as resource persons.

For one whole day the bishops met with their cabinets to test their new Bennett-led understandings of such terms as planning, problem solving, leadership, headship, collaboration, cooperation, power, and authority. Since 29 of the church's 45 episcopal areas have bishops new to them, the upheaval in application could be monumental.--John A. Lovelace

MEALS PAID FOR, STILL SOME PASTORS DO WITHOUT

All United Methodist ministers paid for the lunch served one day at the pastors' school near Valley City, N.Dak. But 4% had nothing to eat! Only 6% got meat, potatoes, vegetables, and dessert. Twenty percent dined on soup and bread, and 70% ate bread alone. This taste of poverty demonstrated poverty in the world where the majority barely gets by and 4% have nothing.

FLOOD RELIEF TO THREE CONFERENCES

Three conferences hit hardest by June floods--Central Pennsylvania, Wyoming, and Central New York--received grants of $50,000 each from United Methodism's National Disaster Fund. Distributed under United Methodist Committee on Relief guidelines, funds must be used first to meet human needs and then for property repairs. They are to be used ecumenically where possible. Specific use will be determined by conference flood relief committees and will include such programs as "meals on wheels" and ecumenical counseling as well as supplementing volunteer efforts. Reported United Methodist loss and damage totaled $4,313,000. Representatives from flood-affected areas with less damage agreed that they would meet immediate needs from local and conference funds and that grants should go to the three hardest hit conferences.

SCOUT HANDBOOK REVISES POINT ON REVERENCE

The new Scout Handbook, first major revision of the manual since 1911, includes this interpretation of the 12th point of the Scout Law: "A Scout is reverent. Reverence toward God is a whole lot more than going to church. It is shown in the way you act everyday."

NORTH CAROLINA WEIGHS TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY

Should church-owned property not used for worship or religious education be tax exempt? A special study commission created by the North Carolina legislature is expected to say "no" when it reports to the 1973 session. The commission is also considering tax-exempt property owned by schools, hospitals, and government agencies and reportedly has suggested removal of exemptions from parsonages and ministers' homes, since they are not used strictly for religious purposes. Possibly affected by the commission's recommendations will be religious conference centers--such as United Methodism's Lake Junaluska--with their recreational facilities in mountain areas.

◀ The Rev. Philip A. Potter, West Indian Methodist, will take office Nov. 1 as general secretary of the World Council of Churches. He was elected in late summer by the WCC Central Committee to succeed American United Presbyterian Dr. Eugene Carson Blake. Several United Methodists from the United States participated in WCC debate on ecumenism, social impact of financial investments, and the WCC's controversial antiracism program focusing on Africa. Dr. Potter pledged his full support of that program. The 51-year-old WCC staff veteran is the son of a Protestant mother and a Roman Catholic father.

WOMEN CRITICIZE POPE'S RULING ON MINISTRY

"It saddens me that a leader of such renown as the Pope should act in such a misguided male chauvinist way." That was the reaction of Theressa Hoover, staff head of United Methodism's Women's Division, to the Pope's barring women from even the smallest formal role in the Roman Catholic ministry. Miss Hoover added that she sees the action as lamentable, particularly because Protestant denominations and ecumenical agencies were beginning to see "the errors of their ways" in past treatment of women. She said that the papal decree does not bode well "for younger women interested in full-time service in the Catholic Church." Other American women's church leaders labeled the Pope's action variously as "a tragedy" and "a sad reversal of what many hoped was a trend."

TITHING FAVORED, BROADLY INTERPRETED AMONG PRESBYTERIANS

Agree or disagree: God does not expect tithing of all believers. A recent survey by the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. revealed that 27% of 416 respondents accepted that statement as true. About 75%, however, supported the practice of tithing and believe children should be taught to tithe beginning with their first allowance. The vast majority of Southern Presbyterians broadly define tithing to include contributions to community centers, United Fund, Salvation Army, and overseas relief. Respondents saw two main factors affecting current giving: lower priority for the church in people's lives and spending habits and "disapproval of denominational policies."

GLOBAL MINISTRIES BOARD ORGANIZES

The largest of United Methodism's four program boards, the Board of Global Ministries, elected Bishop Paul A. Washburn of Chicago as its president and nominated as staff head the Rev. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., general secretary of the former Board of Missions. Elected respectively as board vice-presidents to head the divisions, and as associate general secretaries for the divisions were Mrs. C. Clifford Cummings, Miss Theressa Hoover, Women's Division; Bishop Jack M. Tuell, the Rev. Randolph W. Nugent, Jr., National Division; Bishop L. Scott Allen, the Rev. John F. Schaefer, World Division; Mrs. Henry L. Georg, Roger Burgess, Health and Welfare Ministries; Bishop James K. Mathews, the Rev. Robert W. Huston, Ecumenical and Interreligious Concerns; the Rev. H. Claude Young, Lois Miller, Education and Cultivation; and Bishop D. Frederick Wertz, the Rev. J. Harry Haines, United Methodist Committee on Relief. The other three program boards scheduled organizational meetings in October.

PAKISTAN NATIONALIZES CHURCH COLLEGES

At least 8 Christian colleges, including 2 United Methodist related schools, are among 172 private colleges recently nationalized by the government of Pakistan under a martial law act. Forman Christian College and Kinnaird College in Lahore are related to the Board of Global Ministries' World Division. Only schools in the states of Punjab and Sind were affected, but takeovers are expected to lead to state control of all elementary, secondary, and college institutions over the next two years. Several Protestants vigorously opposed the nationalization and school openings were delayed until October.

A GOOD MONTH

August was a good month for the World Service fund, according to a report by United Methodist treasurer R. Bryan Brawner. In a dramatic reversal in trends World Service receipts for that month ($1,452,530.46) were up 38.51% over the same period in 1971.

INTERFAITH COMMITTEE OFFERS GUIDES FOR SOCIAL IMPACT OF INVESTMENTS

A new source of guides is the Interfaith Committee on Social Responsibility in Investments. Work was formerly carried on by ad hoc coalition of church leaders. Seed money and personnel includes United Methodists, most prominently Women's Division treasurer Florence Little as committee chairwoman. Committee's work will supplement Corporate Information Center of National Council of Churches: Center provides basic research, committee coordinates education and action.

ALL AFRICAN BISHOPS NOW LEADING UNITED METHODISTS

For the first time United Methodists in the Africa Central Conference have nothing but native Africans as bishops. This resulted from the conference's late-summer meeting at which two bishops, Bishop John Wesley Shungu and Bishop Harry P. Andreassen, were defeated for reelection. Elected as their replacements were Bishop Emilio de Carvalho of Angola and Bishop Fama Onema of Zaire. Reelected were Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa of Rhodesia and Bishop Escrivao Zunguze of Mozambique. With the replacement of Bishop Andreassen, who was expected to return to his native Norway, it is believed that there now is no major overseas church linked to United Methodism through its Central Conferences that has a non-national bishop. Central Conferences may elect bishops for four-year terms rather than for life as in the United States.

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

The Central Illinois Conference believes it had the youngest United Methodist voting this year in an annual conference. V. Eugene Ramsey II was 15 years, 7 months old when conference convened....One millionth visitor to The Upper Room Chapel in Nashville, Tenn., was Robert E. Christmas from Ashford, Ala.... Recipients of 1972 Gold Medal Awards presented by Philadelphia's Old St. George's Church included Bishop James Ault, new leader of the Philadelphia Area, and Harry G. Fox, lifelong Methodist who is deputy commissioner of the Philadelphia Police Department ....Among clergy who gave prayers at the Republican National Convention was the Rev. M. C. Mathison, pastor of First Church in Panama City, Fla....Bishop Marvin A. Franklin, 78, retired head of the Jackson Area, died August 23....New Miss American Teen-ager is 17-year-old Carla Lynn Tevault, member of Petersburg (Ind.) Church and a freshman at Indiana University....W. A. Pounds recently completed 50 years as treasurer of the Texas Conference ....Resigning as president of United Methodist-related Emory and Henry College, Bristol, Va., is the Rev. C. Glenn Mingledorff.... Recipient of the Legion of Merit for 10 years service as chaplain is the Rev. James Roy Smith, pastor, Mt. Olivet Church, Arlington, Va., and third Army Reserve chaplain to receive the award....A United Methodist minister and mother of three children, Mrs. Mary Anne Morefield is intern pastor at Messiah Lutheran Church in Harrisburg, Pa....Officers of the new quadrennial Commission on the Status and Role of Women are Barbara Thompson, president, and Jeanne Audrey Powers, secretary.

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills Box 26511
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month.
I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.
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Should Worship Be a Family Affair?

Yes! Let's Keep Families Together

By CHESTER E. HODGSON
Pastor, Freeport United Methodist Church
Freeport, New York

ONE JULY Sunday morning after our worship service, my wife and I accepted an invitation to attend a Roman Catholic service. It was a "folk mass"—a mass with folk music.

Some young people from the parish had formed a combo of guitars, drums, and other instruments. They played and led us in singing *Shalom, Lord of the Dance, Let There Be Peace on Earth, Amazing Grace,* and some other popular religious songs. The song sheet was illustrated with symbols of songs and sayings like "Spirit of Peace—renew our world," "Smile," and "Love one another."

In his homily, the young priest touched on some everyday problems confronting us. His remarks tied in perfectly with both the day's Scripture and the songs we had sung. I was impressed with how the service's message of peace, brotherhood, unity, and love conveyed the deeper meaning of our faith in powerful, understandable terms. I feel sure that everyone there was made aware of the meaning of God for his or her life and the life of mankind.

Something else about that service impressed me greatly: whole families were worshiping together. We had gotten there early enough to see family after family come in and take their places. It was beautiful to see little children and teen-agers sitting with their parents and joining in the service—especially in singing the songs, some of which they seemed to know by heart. There was some squirming and whispering. But for the most part there was a spirit of worship, a kind of joyousness which seemed to result from children of all ages, parents, and even grandparents worshiping together.

This worship experience caused me to reflect on the way we Protestants divide ourselves up within our church life. We are split-level families as far as worship is concerned. We tend to split other parts of our church life into bits and pieces, too—church-school for children, youth fellowship for young people, women's society for women, and men's clubs for men. Then there are all those church organizations which are broken down into assorted age levels as if we somehow don't feel we can mix socially with those of different ages. The one time when we all could, and should, be together is in the worship service, a time when every barrier must fall away and when we become one in Christ. Instead, we are splitting our families by our church-school program.

What value is there in parents driving up to the church on Sunday morning and depositing their children in church school, going home for an hour, returning and picking them up? What kind of church relationship do these families have? What kind of pattern is being set in the minds and lives of the children? Are not the parents saying by their attitudes and actions that the church and worship are of no value at all?

What about the parents who attend services alone, without the children? Are they not saying that the children have their part in the life of the church, parents have their part, and the two parts do not meet? Christian education is emphasized for children and worship seems intended only for parents.

If I am any judge after more than 35 years as a minister, precious little seems to be learned and woven

into the fabric of life as a result of the church-school experience. Confirmation classes of eighth and ninth-graders affirm this. The majority of these young people know little about the Bible, the Christian faith, the foundations upon which our faith is based, or what they themselves believe. And when it comes to applying Christian beliefs in the everyday round of life, most are woefully weak. Perhaps one reason for this is that a person cannot apply to life and its demands what he simply does not know or understand.

One of the stipulations for membership in our confirmation class is that the members worship each Sunday and that their parents worship with them. You should hear all the excuses. Class members have been adversely influenced, in most cases, by parents who do not attend worship and who simply want their children confirmed because it is what is done at a certain age.

There is little sense of commitment on the part of either children or parents. The church-school experience has not geared these children to think in terms of worship, and the parents have not guided them into the worship experience by worshiping with them—either at home or at church. Indeed, family worship in Protestantism seems to have become almost nonexistent. It is a pity because the values to be derived from family worship in the midst of the congregation could make quite a difference in family life and in the individual lives of the family members.

Perhaps we need to take a look at our tendency to split up our church relationships and experiences. We are, willy-nilly, tearing apart our families when we should be bringing them together within the framework and fellowship of the church. Families worshiping together may not be a panacea for our personal and social ills, but it could be a unifying influence in Christian family living, and such a unifying influence could prove to be a healthy thing for untold families who claim to be Christian.

Let's learn from my Roman Catholic neighbors. Let's begin to worship together as families, adjusting our church and church-school schedules to make this possible. And let's make our worship services more inviting by using worship forms and materials that speak to people where they are today. □

No! We Need Pluralism in Worship

By JAMES F. WHITE
Professor, Perkins School of Theology
Dallas, Texas

I COULD NOT agree more with Pastor Hodgson that worship is a vital part of the Christian's life at whatever age. No other activity in the Christian community takes precedence over worship in shaping our lives as people of faith and service. But should it be a family affair?

Those of us who have large families know how difficult it is to have recreation or any other activity together. Long ago the church decided that education and most of its social activities worked best in peer groups. How often does the women's society meet with the youth fellowship? Who tries to teach teen-agers and preschoolers in the same church-school class? Are we not in danger of saying that worship should be the one unnatural experience, the exception to the rest of our church activities and, indeed, to the rest of life? Indeed, Mr. Hodgson says, "The one time when we all could, and should, be together is in the worship service." Implicit in such a statement is the admission that the family today does little together.

In the past we succeeded in making worship an act shared by all ages and groups within the church. But we did this by ignoring the difference between people and insisting that all conform to a certain type of worship in which middle-class values of comfort and security were echoed in carefully programmed services. We always got from the top of the left-hand page of the bulletin to the bottom of the right-hand page in precisely one hour. For those of us who are middle aged, white, and middle class, this has seemed absolutely right and natural.

But one of the great developments in this country in the 1960s was a visible splintering of society in which it became apparent that the imposition of a single pattern of life-style, morality, or values on everyone is hard to justify. Yet, too often our worship has remained in a style that is comfortable and natural to a certain segment of the society—middle-aged Christians who are perhaps the majority in our churches but not in our society where most of the population is below 28. We have not yet learned to think in pluralistic terms about worship.

We were serving well a segment of those who worshiped and, unknowingly, were telling everyone else to

conform to their pattern. We parents began each service telling our children, "Now today I want you to sit still." When the sermon came, we furtively allowed them to draw pictures on the back of the bulletin so their wiggling, squirming, and stage whispers, "How much longer is it going to be?" would not offend others. In effect we were really saying, "Worship is not for children," or "Children are not for worship. You have to become an adult for worship. You can be a child the other 167 hours per week but never at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning."

Youth also got the message, though a different one. They came to understand worship as a boring affair with minimal participation and little involvement beyond passive listening. So as soon as they got too old for us to drag them to church, they stopped going. It was not that they rejected Christian worship, they simply felt, "nothing ever happens at church."

Of course it would be wrong to abandon a style of worship that seems natural to those of Middle America in order to satisfy their youth who demand a service with a high level of participation. Instead, we must seek worship forms that are natural to each age and group. For children this may mean that worship should be largely visual and make use of the large muscles of the body. It may mean, for youth, music that moves and worship that is spontaneous and allows for the unexpected rather than adhering strictly to the neat sequence of a bulletin.

Age may not be the crucial factor, either, for many older Methodists still have a warm nostalgia for body music and spontaneity in worship—two factors stifled in the last 50 years. But no longer do we have a right to impose one style of worship on everyone any more than we can force others to adopt our life-style, morality, or values. A pluralistic approach to worship recognizes that different cultural expressions are theologically neutral and that no style of preaching or music is more or less "Christian" than another.

How do we put this together in the average congregation? I would like to suggest two possibilities that are becoming more and more common in small or medium-sized congregations and a third which works best in larger congregations.

The first possibility is one service which deliberately tries to have something for everyone. In these situations the whole congregation is represented by worship that is a cross section of the people whom God has called together. The pastor may wince at the inclusion of some gospel hymns just as others may squirm when the choir sings Bach or Palestrina. But we have an eclectic society so why not an eclectic service? I think this is the type of service that Pastor Hodgson mentions, one still not common in United Methodism. This pattern demands growth on the part of every member and careful pastoral leadership in helping people develop mutual acceptance of one another's natural forms of perception and expression.

A second possibility does not attempt to do this in a single service but assigns certain services during each month (or longer period) to different groups. Thus there may be a Sunday service planned entirely by youth. There are problems, however, since it may give some people an incentive to stay home on certain Sundays. But it does make some things possible, such as occasional worship in places other than the sanctuary.

Thirdly, large congregations may hold several different worship services and provide a variety of options on Sunday mornings as well as throughout the week. In this way large congregations may have services with the intimacy of small tightly knit groups. Worship can center on children, youth, those who love the traditional, or those who appreciate the new forms.

Maybe the family should not worship together if it means a failure to respect the selfhood of any member. And this may be the best way to let the whole family worship, not together but with their peer groups where they can be most sincerely and honestly themselves. In this way we can come to accept, respect, and love the whole family without forcing a false conformity on any of its members. □

PRESENCE

By Bernard S. Via, Jr.

Here I kneel
For drop and crumb,
Searching for uniqueness
To justify this strangeness.
By this conformity
Am I by commitment confined?
Or by this vision freed?
All I know is,
That in the places sacrament sends me,
I would not go alone.

IS ANYONE THERE?

By Margaret Haun

"Have you ever had a moment when you felt the actual presence of God?" the television talk-show host asked his guest with a seeming wistfulness. It was a question he often asks, and I always wait with eager anticipation for the answer. Never yet, not even when the guest was a famous minister, has it been more than a vague generality, something about a "nice feeling."

Once I would have been forced to make the same reply. But one morning changed all that. That day I got up, put on a robe, went into the living room of the small house where I live alone, and sat down in a chair. What I did next no one a few years previously could have convinced me I would ever want to do, let alone have the audacity to attempt. For I was about to declare an ultimatum to God that I would sit there until I had personal proof of his existence.

Strange as it may seem, my challenge did not seem unreasonable to me. I had recently been with others who had been touched by God's presence, and they were neither saints nor mystics but ordinary persons like myself.

My early experience with what is often referred to as "kooky fanaticism" had been limited to roaring with laughter outside what we called a "Holy Roller" church. And that was long ago. Never in a million years would their excessive emotionalism have led me to my determination that morning. It took two gentle matrons, close friends living in my former home town, to lead the way.

Several years earlier, Barbara, Emily, and I deploring the lack of vitality in our churches had come together to seek a deeper meaning to life. Some of our prayers were answered. A man for whom we prayed was told by his doctor that his recovery was a miracle. Things that might not have happened seemed to come about because we held them up in prayer. But with it all, for me at least there was a persistent dissatisfaction. Did anyone actually listen when we poured out our heart longings? Or was

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"I **baptize you** with water for repentance, but he who is coming after me . . . will baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire," John the Baptist told his listeners (Matthew 3:11). A few years later, after Jesus' death, Resurrection, and Ascension, John's words came true for Jesus' disciples in a Jerusalem upper room.

Today thousands of Christians from all walks of life are experiencing a "new Pentecost." Some critics say the renewed interest in such personally experienced religion is a reaction to the depersonalization experienced in modern society. Others suggest it is because materialism has been tried and found wanting. Theological scholars like Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, on the other hand, predicted that the importance of Christianity's supernaturality someday would be recovered. They also said that a Christianity which denies its mystical realm is in fact unbiblical.

"We know what the Gospels and the Acts tell us. Why should we doubt the possibility of the Holy Spirit acting that way in the world today?" Roman Catholic Cardinal Leo Jozef Suenens of Belgium asked earlier this year.

Said United Methodist theologian Albert Outler, referring to the charismatic movement: "I think I know some of the gifts and fruits of the Spirit when I see them and I am convinced that much of what I have seen is for real." [See *A Third Great Awakening?* June page 51.]

It is estimated that there are 60,000 to 100,000 Catholic neo-Pentecostals and as many or more Protestant ones. Their continued interest in the Holy Spirit has been reflected at church gatherings. The recent Convocation of United Methodists for Evangelical Christianity for instance, had sessions on the ministry of healing and on the charismatic movement. Some 10,000 Catholics met at the University of Notre Dame in June for a charismatic-renewal conference.

Individuals' experiences with the Holy Spirit of course are varied—as are each man's contacts with his Creator. For the author of the following article, at least, the least understood Person of the Trinity has opened a whole new understanding of life. —*Your Editors*

God, as a friend insisted, only alive in our imaginations?

I remembered my high-school-class church-school teacher. A middle-aged, sincere woman, she confessed to us once, "I have been a Christian all my life, but I have never had a single proof of God's existence."

On Easter morning, when the congregation chorused loudly, "He lives! . . . He lives within my heart!" I sincerely hoped he lived in mine. But I never felt sure he did.

After Barbara, Emily, and I started our prayer group, I began a disciplined morning reading, meditation, and prayer period. Once in a while I seemed very near another dimension of awareness, but I could never overcome the feeling that it might be self-induced.

Eventually I moved to another state. I missed the prayer group more than my family and other friends. I had not realized how much it had helped sustain me.

On my first visit back, the next year, I noticed a change in Barbara and Emily. I detected an added enthusiasm, a barely suppressed excitement, the cause of which came out in the strangest tale I ever had heard.

With Emily's husband and three other persons, they had driven half a state away for what they called "the laying on of hands" by a young minister, and they all had received "the Baptism in the Holy Spirit."

I was appalled. We had experimented with many forms of prayer in the past—but this was going too far. Shades of the old Holy Rollers. The girls had gone off the deep end! The following year I wondered idly, when I thought about it at all, what had possessed my friends.

THIS ALL happened before the spread of the charismatic movement to college campuses had made headlines. The charismatic movement, it might be explained, is one of those periodic outbursts in the centuries since the beginning of Christianity when the scenes enacted at Pentecost and during the next 300 years are reenacted. People for some reason become discontented with both personal and universal states of affairs and this unrest seems to create a vortex into which a new infusion of spiritual life with its amazing gifts can be sent. The so-called Jesus People and Christian communes are part of the latest evidence of it.

When I returned to my old hometown the second summer, Barbara and Emily were ready for me with a tape recording. "Ignore the background," admonished Emily. "This is an Episcopalian rector speaking to a group of Pentecostals."

Dutifully I listened as the speaker explained how the experience that had given life and vitality to the early Christian church is still available and can be claimed by anyone today. He said people of all denominations were receiving it and bringing the real meaning back to Christianity. It was unlike any message I had ever heard.

To this day I do not know whether Barbara and Emily know that something happened to me while I was listening to this tape. Even more peculiar, I did not realize it then myself. It never remotely occurred to me to ask the girls how one came to this experience. I had a vague feeling one might be expected to work up to some frenzy of which I was not capable. So I returned home with a yearning but dimly discerned for something about which I knew almost nothing.

Glowing letters from Emily and Barbara did nothing to dispel my unrest. Members of their families were receiving the Baptism. A bishop in their church and many clergy had heartily endorsed the experience. Amazing stories of healing and guidance were being told.

"I was called to the hospital late one night," Emily wrote. "My mother had been taken seriously ill from some unknown cause. I hurriedly dressed and as I drove across town, too frightened to think clearly, I began to pray in the Spirit. When I got to the hospital, Mother had recovered. The doctor could not understand it."

This and similar stories sent me at last to a local minister. "Do you have anyone in your congregation interested in the new charismatic movement?" I plunged in. He hesitated so long I asked if he knew what I was talking about.

"We have no one here," he finally said. At my obvious disappointment he added halfheartedly, "I believe there is a group at Father Paulson's church in Redville."

Thus I came among those who are, I often think, much like the first-century Christians must have been. Here were people praying for one another, finding release and joy and inspiration in song and prayer. How I wanted what these people possessed! But I was still too timid and too unaware of the universal availability of this baptism to make my wish known. Frankly, I could not conceive of a Supreme Being stooping to bestow such a treasure on me—maybe on others, but not on me.

By now Emily and Barbara were aware of my longing. One of them suggested that, if I needed help, a Father Irving some hundred miles from my home was having phenomenal success. So one night I called him to make an appointment. "My dear, you don't need to come way up here. You can receive anywhere," he said. I have forgotten what else he told me. I knew then that he would pray for me and I knew also that space is no barrier to things of the Spirit.

So there I was the next morning, sitting in my chair, my soul on tiptoe to receive this miraculous something my life was lacking. It is an awesome thing to present one's soul naked and vulnerable to the Lord of the universe. One can never feel worthy but must come at last, humble and penitent for all one's shortcomings, with an overwhelming desire to have one's life become something of more significance.

After a time of quiet I recalled Emily's saying that praying in the Spirit is mainly for one's private devotions so I began to sing *Praise God from whom all blessings . . .*

And then—it happened. What someone aptly has called a "rush of love" seemed to descend and engulf me. My entire body was alive and vibrant. Here was surely the "strangely warmed heart" which sent John Wesley out to change the lives of countless thousands. I was given both a keen awareness of the presence of the Lord Jesus and beautiful words with which to praise him.

At long last I knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that Someone indeed *is* there. □

Say It!

Our editors may or may not agree with opinions expressed, but they believe in your right to Say It! *And that is what this new department is for. Does an idea of yours need saying? Send it to* Say It! *1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068*

This has become the day of evangelism. People reach out almost frantically for something to grasp. What an amazing thing that a generation which sought to find its answers in a drug culture has now begun to turn on to Jesus. Perhaps this symbolizes better than anything else the amazing time into which the church has come.

Roger L. Fredrikson, *Past President American Baptist Convention*

As I have read and heard about the 1972 United Methodist General Conference, the treatment given to the subject of homosexuality has reminded me of a 17th-century witch-hunt.

Secular society led the church at last to give up witch-hunting (and segregation, and so forth). Apparently secular society again will have to lead the church to new understanding and tolerance.

Violating Christ's command to invite *all* to come to him and to love our neighbors as ourselves, we are less "Christian" than the society which we are supposed to leaven. How long will it be before we in the church can see that the feared and hated "queer" is really our next door neighbor, our store clerk, our teacher, our minister, our policeman, our best friend, our banker, our own brother and sister?

Perhaps there are not 6 million gay people as some claim; nevertheless there are many. For the most part they live quiet, normal lives, doing their jobs, attending church, participating in civic activities. In fact, they are just like everyone else except that they love someone of the same sex. We don't understand why, but we don't really understand either why heterosexuals love someone of the opposite sex.

Some young gay people are demanding recognition, and like other oppressed minorities, they are doing it loudly and flamboyantly. But most gay people still conceal themselves and suffer their oppression in silence. It is time to free them from that oppression, to restudy our Bibles, to insist on sound psychological understanding, and to offer the love which Christ taught us and commanded us to show to others.

Roy E. Teele
Georgetown, Texas

One big objection I find in your magazine is the use of the slang word "kids" in referring to our children. The parents of kids are goats. How would you like your children or grandchildren to refer to you as an old goat?

Clarence B. Steffey
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Our recent deliberations and ultimate decision to relocate our family motivated the following prayer on making decisions. Perhaps *Together*'s readers might find it helpful.

Dear Lord, help us to make
the best decision,
Then help us to make the best
of our decision. Amen.

Mrs. R. K. Underwood
San Jose, Calif.

Why is a socially sensitive movement like women's liberation neglecting its older "sisters," leaving them to fend for themselves? Why aren't old women raising vehement protestations about this?

The answer to such questions requires a look at a newly defined but very familiar prejudice called "ageism." Ageism can be described as a process of systematic stereotyping of and discrimination against people because they are old, just as racism and sexism accomplish this with skin color and gender.

Old people are categorized as senile, rigid in thought and manner, old fashioned in morality and skills. Ageism allows all of us to see old people as "different" from those of us who are younger. We subtly cease to identify with them as humans and thus we can feel more comfortable about their frequently poor social and economic plight. We can avoid the notion that our productivity-minded society really has no use for the nonproducers—in this case those who have reached retirement age.

Myrna L. Lewis and
Dr. Robert N. Butler
From *The National Observer*

It is regrettable that a small minority of our people, not being acquainted with the horrors of war, should question the role played by the chaplains in our military establishment.

War, a man-instituted phenomenon foretold by our Lord in his words, "And you will hear of wars and rumors of wars," requires the services of dedicated men, be they Catholic priests, Protestant ministers, or Jewish rabbis, acting in the capacity of chaplains. I have witnessed the value of the ministries of these men to our military personnel, both stateside and overseas.

My belief is that our President, the Congress (reflecting the feelings of the majority of our citizens), and the judicial branch will never permit the elimination of the role of the military chaplains from our armed forces.

George H. McCullagh
Colonel, U.S. Army (Ret.)
Toms River, N.J.

What Hope for the Americ

TRYING to discuss the U.S. justice system in only nine pages is something like attempting to explain Einstein's theory of relativity in 25 words or less. Our long research produced some startling findings, any of which would have been worth major consideration. For example:

- Most people arrested in the United States are 15 and 16-year-olds.
- Commonly a felony defendant who pleads guilty gets less than an hour in court although the elapsed time from his initial appearance to the disposition of his case is four months or more.
- Disorderly conduct, drunkenness, minor morals charges, and gambling account for almost half of all non-traffic arrests.
- New York City spends about $10 million yearly to hold people awaiting trial because they cannot post bond.
- Many zookeepers are higher paid than prison guards.
- Sentences are not uniform. The same state gave one man a 5-year sentence for rape, another man 12 years for stealing a pig. California sentenced a man to "one year to life" for a $70 holdup. (He died in prison after serving more than ten years.) Texas sentenced a young drug pusher to 1,500 years in jail.

Some major issues like these are referred to in the following report, but usually indirectly. Our primary concern is with people rather than with institutions or organizations—*who* rather than *what*—and most of our report takes the form of conversations with people. These individuals speak from firsthand experience from both sides of the bars. We hope they will tell you not only how our system of justice operates but what it could become—and what you can do to improve it.

"Can one person or one church group make an appreciable difference in the struggle to achieve 'justice for all'?" someone asked us the other day. We thought immediately of a municipal judge in Royal Oak, Mich., who initiated a program for volunteers to aid misdemeanants. Today he directs Volunteers in Probation, Inc., a nationwide organization offering help to those interested in probation programs. We thought of a Quaker group in Philadelphia whose persistence brought about bail reform and other local court-system improvements. Other examples of what men, women, young people, even children, are doing to improve American justice are included in this report.

We would like to challenge you as we have been challenged by our findings. Resolve to do at least this one thing in 1973 to become better informed about our justice system: visit the penal institution nearest you. To help you improve whatever conditions you find, we will supply examples of individual programs, plus names and addresses of organizations providing more specific information.

Finally, may the words of the writer of Hebrews be your spiritual guide in whatever institution you visit: "Remember those who are in prison, as though in prison with them; and those who are ill-treated, since you also are in the body."—*Martha A. Lane* and *John A. Lovelace*

riminal?

For Prisoners, the Outside Is a World Away

Frank Earl Andrews and Glenn D. Mann have a lot in common, though they have never met. Likely they never will because:

Andrews is in New Jersey State Prison on a sentence of 41 years minimum, 47 years maximum for kidnapping, attempted murder, and robbery. He first served time in a detention home at age seven and has spent 21 of his 26 years under supervision of some sort.

Mann is in Ohio State Penitentiary on a life sentence for second-degree murder.

Each man has had a religious experience while in prison. Andrews describes his as an awakening. Mann tells of his contact with a prison concern group at a local (Columbus, Ohio) church. Here, in their words, are some descriptions of life in prison.

By FRANK EARL ANDREWS

What would you expect of a boy, suddenly thrust into a home for delinquents, who there finds himself confronted with rules and regulations backed up with nothing but raw violence? What is he to do when the bigger, older, stronger boy takes his food packages from home, demands his dessert in the dining hall for protection dues, or attempts to force him into degrading homosexual acts?

There are only two avenues open for the boy. He can fight fire with fire. Or he can swallow it all and become a punk, a dip, a scapegoat for every tough guy's frustration and inadequacy. Most fight, sooner or later. In order to maintain his status and keep the wolves from turning on him he will have to participate in the taunting and tormenting of other young fish coming in off the streets. So he is considered incorrigible and is passed along to an institution for bigger and older delinquents.

This institute of higher learning is in actuality just another jail cloaked behind the shallow camouflage of so-called rehabilitation. The same old jungle law applies. Long ago he learned that it was not the administration he must impress, not the officers, instructors, or psychologists—who put in eight hours a day and go home—but fellow inmates, the people he must live with 24 hours a day.

Still, there is no substitute for freedom, and the boy, nearly a man now, decides to give squaresville a try. He is released on parole. Now he comes face-to-face with a new problem. No one will trust him in a responsible job, give him real friendship, or a fresh start, and he winds up pumping gas in a service station for $30 or $40 a week. He may meet a girl who doesn't care that he's been in a reform school, but her parents won't hear of it. He must report to a parole officer once a week. He must bring proof that he is working and be off the streets by ten o'clock. He cannot have a driver's license and cannot leave the state, not even for an hour, without first getting permission.

It isn't long before he realizes that his freedom is a shallow thing. The people that have been constantly telling him society will accept him again don't accept him themselves. He is forbidden to associate with other ex-convicts, parolees, or probationers, yet can find companionship nowhere else. And by surrounding himself with this element, violating his parole, his old training comes to the surface and he reverts to what he knows best. Naturally he winds up in jail again.

This time it is the Big Top, and there is no smoke screen thrown up under the guise of a rehabilitation program. Here things are narrowed down to the raw facts. You have committed a crime and you are here to pay for it. The cloud of violence hangs heavy over this place. Even though the walls are only a few feet thick, the outside world is a million miles away. For many it no longer exists.

The Big Top—a myriad maze of blue uniforms, silver badges, steel bars, and high gray walls. Quarantine. Isolation. Fingerprinting, mug shots, clothes that are too large, high-topped work shoes, a cup and a spoon. Polio, flu, and tetanus inoculations. Blood tests, smear tests, T.B. tests, aptitude tests.

The first night was the hardest. When the lights went off at 10:30 there was no one who could see me. It was all right to take off the mask because there was no one to see me cry. I tried to think, but couldn't. I tried to sleep, but didn't. There was only me, the cell, the steel door, reminders of how small and insignificant I really was.

I reflected on the sentence the judge had imposed on me. I remembered the lecture he gave me after sentencing, but I drew no comfort from his words: "You are a product of our penal system, a symbol of its failure, an example of its futility. Now it is too late for you, Frank Earl Andrews, and you are better off shut away."

As the quarantine period passed, the outside world

grew dimmer. Then I received my first visit. As I looked through the plate-glass window that separated me from my wife and daughter I fought back the tears. There were other inmates in the visiting room and I couldn't afford to let my mask down. I watched with an ache in my heart as my wife made a futile attempt at gaiety, while my little girl pushed her nose against the window and made funny faces at me.

It seemed no longer than a moment before a guard tapped me on the shoulder and told me my 15 minutes were up. It was all I could do to keep from screaming.

A few weeks later I was classified for a job. I worked my way into the "in" crowd and became super cool, arrogant, insubordinate, a perfect example of hypocrisy. Loving became corny, honesty became stupidity. Goodness was weakness, welfare was slavery, adjustment was conformity, good taste was bad style.

Many times I wanted to attend the religious services on Sunday morning, mostly out of curiosity, but that would have been to risk the scorn of my buddies. Religion was considered a form of neuroticism and I would be thought a weakling, someone who needed a crutch.

About nine months ago I took another look at myself, and it began in church. I and a group of my cronies had agreed to attend the services where we could embarrass the preacher and the pathetically few who were really sincere in their belief of a God. I don't know the exact moment, but I was looking down the row at my so-called friends. I felt a sudden stirring, an awakening. I asked myself if this was indeed the type of person I wanted to be, if jeering and snickering at people who meant me no harm was to be my calling. I asked myself if the association of a few hard-core convicts was more important than the respect of my family, my true friends, my child. Then I realized that there was someone somewhere who knew a great deal more than I did, that I wasn't doing my thing at all, but that my thing was doing me.

There are many questions that I haven't found answers for yet, but I am still searching. The mess bell, the count bell, still continue to ring loudly, and the rattling door lock still trembles like thunder, but this doesn't bother me either. I have learned that the bells are His. A storm is His and so is the rainbow that follows. And even though the lights still go off at 10:30 every night, there is never total darkness in my cell, never total loneliness. That is because I have taken the first big step, the most important one, and now I am letting Him do His thing. □

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By GLENN D. MANN

This is July 4 and it's a holiday. We don't go out to work today. It's a visiting day, too, but it doesn't look like I'm going to get a visit.

I was 33 years old when I came to prison five years and one month ago. Ohio Penitentiary is very old. I guess it dates back to the Civil War. When I first came to this pen I was scared very badly. It was right after the crime. I'm doing a life sentence for second-degree murder and that was fresh in my mind when I came here.

Coming in from the outside it was a dull, dreary, cold, imposing place. I was put into a cell with three other men. They're cramped, quartered cells with one toilet and a cold-water sink. You spend most of your time there when you're not going to class, periods of orientation, and things like that.

I'm in the "honor dorm" now, just a few feet from the pen, but it's on the outside of the wall. We still have four men to a room, but the rooms are a lot larger. Most of us work outside the wall around the honor dorm. There are no locks on the doors of our room. In the dining room we can sit at tables instead of the rows of benches we had inside, and we can go to bed when we want to and get up when we want to. Just recently they installed—it's the first ever in Ohio—two pay phones so we can make outgoing calls from the dormitory. Censorship has been removed from our mail. We can write to whomever we want. So the increased contact and the increased freedom are the benefits of being in the honor dorm. I qualified for it by having a certain amount of my sentence in and keeping a good record. Then a board votes whether to admit you.

The first contact any of us had with the First Community Church [the minister, the Rev. Robert A. Raines, is a United Methodist] happened in an odd way. The penitentiary chaplain had a dog that got sick and he took it to a veterinarian, Dr. Norris. Dr. Norris is a member of First Community Church, a pretty progressive and active church. Dr. Norris wondered if they couldn't participate in some type of program. I don't know exactly how, but it ended up that Dr. Norris got three folk singers—two young men and a young lady—to sing one Friday evening in the honor-dorm dining room. This was the first time for local people to come in and entertain us.

I guess they went back to the church and found a good many interested in some kind of concern for the prisoners at Ohio Penitentiary. So they asked Warden H. J. Cardwell if they could get some other entertainment into the honor dorm.

It became a regular thing, maybe one Friday a month. They would allow people from the congregation to come

and visit with the guys—just sit and talk. The honor dorm provided coffee, and maybe some of the guys in the kitchen would bake a big cake. More and more people started coming.

The men in the dorm and the church members began to want to be involved in other things besides entertainment. So again they went to the warden and asked if the guys could come over to church services. So once or twice a month we got to go over to First Community Church to attend services, then have a little talk and coffee afterwards. The guys enjoyed this a lot.

As we became closer related, other people not members of the church wanted to be part of the group so they formed a prison-concern group. They hold meetings and orientation sessions at the church.

Last summer the prison-concern group organized some picnics and got permission to transport a busload of guys out to a park. It's a family thing. The guys play with the kids, talk with the older people, and just generally have a good time relating to everyone.

Dr. Norris had done some encounter groups—they call them D-groups—and some guys in the dorm were interested in some kind of group therapy or interpersonal relationships to generally get their minds straightened out. He got permission to come in one night a week, and we formed an encounter group, ten of us. I saw eight other convicts relate to Dr. Norris and to each other in a way that I never thought possible.

About the time the D-group was ending, the church was beginning a program called an experiment in practical Christian living. It was designed not for the pen at all but for outside people who signed up for 12-week sessions. Dr. Norris was impressed with the progress we had made, and he wondered if we could participate in the experiment. We were all for it. He went again to the administration and to the church and somehow it became possible for us to participate. Close to 100 outside people had signed up. They didn't know we were coming or who we were. We were just nine other people. One of the officers here volunteered to escort us in civilian clothes.

They broke it down—100 outside people and 9 convicts—into small groups, 14 to 16 in a group. The first week or two it got out that we were inmates at the pen. No one in my group seemed startled. So we got to know each other and they got concerned about the prison and the inmates, and some of them have since joined the prison-concern group and come over to visit regularly.

The members of the group began to form one-to-one relationships with inmates. I don't think that was their desire, but that's the way it worked out. It's inevitable: when a bunch of people come to see a bunch of guys and they keep coming, you strike up personal relationships and friendships and then the guy is looking forward to visits from certain people—they're coming to visit *him*.

The experiment in practical Christianity had to do mainly with problem sharing, a burden-bearing type of thing. We went through the Gospel of Mark each week, paraphrasing it in modern language and explaining what it could, has, and might mean to us. Probably the greatest thing for me was getting to know these outside people. They were all pretty well educated, middle-class people. I don't know if it was exactly faith in me, but their expressions of hope for me kind of lifted me into a new way of thinking about myself: that maybe I actually can get to places that I had unconsciously written off. This is about the same thing it's meant to others. One fellow who has been in the pen system for over 16 years told me that this was the first meaningful program he has participated in. He just couldn't get over the interest they had in him and that they really cared. Too, we found out that people outside had problems. In here you don't often get the chance to talk to other people and have them go away feeling better. They weren't in some kind of a high position, reaching down to help out the lowly convict.

I have a mother and a stepfather who live about 150 miles away and a sister who lives at the same place. She is grown and married. My wife divorced me about two years ago. I have one grown child whom I haven't seen in many years. My mother comes on the average of once every three or four months with my stepfather. My sister comes perhaps once a year. She has a big family and plenty to do. Before the First Community Church group started coming down, that was the extent of my visitors. Now one person comes down usually once a week. We have lunch together.

I don't have any preacher. The guy I put down as a preacher when I came in here sent me a Christmas card the first year that I got here.

Visitors are a very important part of what I call the resocialization of inmates. Guys are really hungry—starving—for this type of relationship to people. What makes a good visitor? Just being open, friendly, and kind of letting it happen with a guy. Getting in there with him psychologically.

What makes a bad volunteer? Being too pushy or trying to be overly helpful and maybe having preconceived ideas of what's good for me and trying to lay it on me without my realizing it. One mistake volunteers make is coming out with a Bible too quick and strong.

I think the biggest reason that some prisons have deteri-

orated is the isolation of the prison world and the prison population from the outside world, from society as a whole. If there's any one reason why all of us are in prison, it's because we couldn't or wouldn't operate within the bounds of society. The thing that prison should teach us is how to operate within society in such a manner that we won't break the law and come back to prison. This can't be accomplished by isolating groups of men for years and years and years. If they weren't able to operate in society before, after years of isolation how much *less* are they equipped to operate in it? I think the groups of outside people by just coming in and bringing the outside to the inside, in some cases the inside outside, probably do as much good as any program could.

It's not the big, noticeable, overt things that really bug a guy but the small things. Like it's always a sad time after the visitors go home because they have some place to go. Today, late in the evening, I can look out and see cars going up and down and people with their families and children. It's very difficult . . .

Good-bye now. Take care. Peace and love to you. □

Penologist Identifies Dramatic Changes

By MYRL E. ALEXANDER, Former Director
U.S. Bureau of Prisons

On the first day I reported for work, I was sent to the office of the deputy warden of the U.S. Penitentiary in Atlanta, Ga. The warden told me to stand on a small green carpet in front of his desk.

"Young man," he said, "we don't need any college upstarts here—and I'll show you why. Follow me."

We walked to a row of heavily doored cells back of his office. He opened one. There in a dark cell stood a young man on the tips of his toes with his wrists handcuffed to a bar high over his head.

"That—and bread and water—is the only kind of social work we need around here!"

We walked back to his office. I stood again on the green carpet.

"Now, why don't you go back where you came from and leave the prison to us who know how to handle cons?"

At that moment in 1931, I knew where I had to spend my life. The newly created U.S. Bureau of Prisons was struggling to bring order out of chaos. The Atlanta penitentiary that had been built to house 1,700 men was crowded with 4,000 inmates. Prohibition was in its heyday, and probation programs for prisoners were in their infancy.

The four decades since my day on the carpet have produced phenomenal changes in the prison system. Probation, parole, and halfway houses have developed as alternatives to sheer imprisonment. Despite notable exceptions—especially in county jails—cleanliness, sanitation, food, and medical services have vastly improved. The quality of correctional personnel and the introduction of behavioral scientists to the system have accelerated change.

More than six out of every ten convicted offenders today are not behind bars but are returned to society under intensive probation measures. Federal penal institutions built in recent years are small and located near universities for research and personnel development purposes. New management approaches, work-release and study-release programs, and furloughs are techniques for giving the prisoner contact with the outside world that was unheard of in the day of the old deputy warden.

Even so, almost daily there is a disturbance in some jail or prison around the country.

Why? Because some basic changes in prisons still need to be made. A major problem at Attica, for example, was that most of the prison population came from inner-city New York and had been isolated in a rural institution in the northwestern part of that state. It was difficult for them to stay in contact with their families, and morale sagged. Attica has more than 1,000 inmates, and there are not enough activities to occupy their time. Restlessness sets in.

The resulting ferment about the prison system is widespread. All too often judgments are extreme and reactions severe. Some advocates of reform would summarily release all persons confined. They would literally tear down the walls. Others are frightened and would return to a system of rigorous, tough imprisonment with substantial use of the death penalty.

The simple truth is that the U.S. system of punishment and control is on the threshold of even more dramatic change than has been evidenced in the last four decades. Despite our new knowledge of behavioral and managerial sciences, the prison system has lagged far behind in using them. The methods and philosophies on which present practice is based have become antiquated and counterproductive in contemporary society. The changes that lie ahead will alter the present system even more than the establishment of penitentiaries 200 years ago brought about the abandonment of the mass executions, life exile, mutilations, and slavery of earlier times.

In the development of this new system, whole segments of society that have been relatively uninvolved in the

correctional system will come into play. Education and industry will have large roles, as will government and the social sciences. The church will have its place, too.

Five years ago, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice began to focus national attention on the critical role of corrections in crime control: changing the "revolving door" effect of jails and prisons and designing new approaches which will intervene in criminal and delinquent careers and divert offenders from antisocial careers to contributing citizenship. This focus has been followed by massive funding and support programs for correctional change and better educational and job-placement programs for offenders in institutions and in community-based programs.

Striking and promising projects directed toward the assimilation of former offenders are underway under the sponsorship of labor unions, the junior chamber of commerce, several church bodies, and some of the major industries of the nation.

A proliferation of degree courses and special institutes at universities, colleges, and community colleges offer much promise for upgrading correctional personnel at all levels and include both pre-career and in-career training and professional development.

These developments can create the climate for change. But gnawing questions remain: Will they succeed in reducing crime? Can a rational and "scientifically" developed system solve the age-old problem of deviant behavior? Can the public understand and accept the change?

There are hopeful indications. Two years ago I met with a group of prison administrators from Western Europe and the two Americas. One day the discussion was devoted to the female offender in prison. After several hours of discussion, a colleague asked the Netherlands representative why he had remained silent.

"Because I have nothing to say," he replied. "We have about 500 convicted female offenders in Holland and three are institutionalized. All others are under intensive community supervision."

In that country only 1 out of 20 convicted male offenders is incarcerated. Intensive supervision involving wide use of community health, mental hygiene, educational and industrial resources are used to control and retain the offender in the community. That nation has not experienced a rise in crime parallel to that in the United States.

At another time, I visited the Iwahig Penal Colony on the island of Palaway in the Philippines where long-term male offenders may live in a separate area of the 100,000-acre farm and timbering colony with their wives and children. I was thrilled to see the children of both staff and inmates attending school together. Family ties were maintained and strengthened. Children were not stigmatized.

As we in North America, in concert with our colleagues throughout the world, seek solutions to the vexing problem of the control and redirection of offenders against the laws of our society, a series of rational components of that search seems evident and involves diverse approaches:

- Broad-scale research and evaluation of the effectiveness of the present system and its complex of interrelated components will require new management philosophies coordinated with universities.
- The design of a coordinated correctional continuum to replace a splintered state-federal "nonsystem" is imperative.
- The more than 4,000 county jails in the U.S. which process more than 2 million persons annually must be replaced by community correctional centers designed to provide intensive diagnostic services with control and treatment planning capabilities.
- Redesigned personnel policies which provide broadly based programs for the preservice and in-service training and development of correctional personnel are essential. Today's youth are challenged by the need for change in criminal justice. They are flocking to universities in unprecedented numbers to prepare for vocations in the system.
- Commitments by industry, labor, and trained volunteers from the public sector of society are required if long-range support and control of offenders is to be realized.
- The perplexing problem of the dangerous, the violent, the eruptive, and the unpredictable offender must be squarely faced. New approaches in this area will combine rigorous control and intensive psychiatric studies and treatment. It is acknowledged that this stratum of offenders is composed of 15 to 20 percent of convicted persons.

The public must know, however, that the ultimate protection of society from crime—and those who commit crimes—can no longer be based on a philosophy and theology of punishment, retribution, and vindictiveness. Offenders present a wide range of behavior typologies and require a wide variety of strategies based on man's newest insights into human behavior. The church can help society learn this lesson. □

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(*Continued on page 26*)

Essential Ministries Of Writing, Visiting

The hard facts of prison life and the pitfalls awaiting straight people outside who try to help those behind bars have become clear over the years to the Rev. William G. Johnson. He directs the United Methodist Northern Illinois Conference Prison Release Ministry program and pastors Irving Park United Methodist Church on the city's northwest side. His remarks to Together *become almost a manual of operations, particularly for anyone interested in a ministry of correspondence with prisoners.*

By WILLIAM G. JOHNSON

Hundreds of men in the Illinois prison system have no family, no correspondence, and no visits. In the last nine years I have been involved with, at a minimum, 1,000 men in correspondence and visiting. At any given time I write to about 100 men.

The Prison Release Ministry (PRM) deals with the person as an individual, with the institution as a friend, and with the community as a source of information.

One group in the institution that needs counseling and support as much as the prisoners is the guards. They have a very confusing, frustrating, demanding job, and we need to understand them. We try to help guards understand their frustrations and try to humanize them because the system dehumanizes them, too. It makes them keepers and not brothers.

We try to change community attitudes with three or four men who go out across Illinois speaking to church groups and such. I speak an average of four or five times a month. We are getting people aware. We have five communities that have small groups of laymen ready to help men from that area and neighborhood when they come out of prison. One church, for example, provided an outlet for prisoners who are artists. In the last three years through the PRM and other groups, the church has sold over $5,000 worth of art.

We have a clothes depot here in the church. People from all over Northern Illinois supply these clothes.

When a man comes out, if he comes to us, we give him personal items such as shaving gear, toothpaste, toothbrush, comb, nail clipper, shampoo, after-shave lotion, deodorant, wash cloth—all in a drawstring bag that the women make—plus suit, two pairs of pants, sports jacket if he wants it, six shirts, a topcoat, four pairs of sox, two shorts, two T-shirts, three handkerchiefs, a sweater if we have it, a belt, ties, and shoes. When he walks out of here, he does not have to spend any of the $50 he received on release for clothes or personal items except work clothes. And sometimes we have those.

A correspondence ministry creates a problem because, at least in Illinois, every man is allowed six people on his write list. Every state is different. Anyone can write him and he'll receive the mail, but he cannot write back unless the person is on his write list.

The worst thing that can happen, and it does happen frequently, is that people get an idea they want to start writing a man so they contact me. I have a list of 50 to 60 men who get very little mail. We have their permission to put their names on the list, and we tell them someone's going to write to them. Then if the person doesn't write, we hear remarks like, "Well, there is the church again, promising to do a lot of things but can't even come through with a letter."

A prisoner handed me a letter recently and said, "I don't want it. I'm not going to write this man any more." I read the letter and I understood why. The man on the outside wrote about his sons, six and three. He said his sons talk a lot about their favorite things, like colors and food. And he asked this man in prison, "What is your favorite color? Favorite food?" So the man in prison tells him to forget it. "I'm a human being back here," he says. "I'm a man that can't see the world. I'm not interested in favorite colors and favorite foods. I'm concerned about what's happening out there."

It's a very crucial thing how that correspondence comes in. The prisoner assumes that if you're interested enough to write to him, you also will be interested enough to help him. It may be at the point of saying, "Will you help me get a job?" when he goes before the parole board. If a person isn't willing to make that kind of commitment, he oughtn't to write the man.

At one church outside Chicago there are 40 kids writing to men in prison. There's no way to understand what letters from those kids mean.

I've written to guys who haven't had mail for six or eight years. Sometimes they haven't had visits in six to ten years. No family, no one to care. They're really lost behind those walls.

In Illinois a prisoner is allowed six people on his visitation list, and he can have only one visit every two weeks. Visits are conducted in a very difficult situation. The visitor goes in and is searched—purses, clothes—then he gets his ticket and commissary slip, which means he can buy up to $3.50 worth of stuff in the commissary for the man and it's delivered to the cell later. Then he waits until the prisoner is called from his work assignment to come to

the visiting room. The visitor goes upstairs through two locked gates into the visiting room. In the visiting room there are two doors side by side and there's a steel, mesh-wire partition down the center. The visitor enters one door, the inmate the other, and they come down and meet right in front of the guard. It's a long room with a table down the middle with a glass partition about 18 inches high. There are probably 60 stools.

In front of the guard when they first meet they can shake hands or embrace. Then they go sit down. They can't touch that window. If they hand anything over the window the guard can terminate the visit. So there's no personal contact. In a room with 60 people, all talking, you can imagine the noise. As they leave—an hour and a half is the limit—they can embrace.

One visit every two weeks and you have to be on the prisoner's visitation list unless you get a special visit, and they're pretty hard to get.

All this means that if a person on a visitation list goes to visit a prisoner, he might not get in because some of the family might have been there. Or if he does get to visit, he might cut the family out of a visit. There is a need for men and women to see selected prisoners who do not have family visits.

My theory about visiting is to be yourself. Don't go in with any set agenda. Learn how to be sensitive to the man and his needs.

What do you learn from him? You learn what you've done to him, what the system's done to him. And if you are sensitive, you learn right off the bat that every prison system that was ever created was a failure. All it really does is train a man to be a better criminal. Any con will tell you that. If he didn't know how to break into your house before he went, he's darn sure to be able to when he gets out.

The dream of 50 percent of my men is to be able to come out and work with kids and keep them out of that kind of setting. But there are no programs. There are two reasons: racism and lack of funds. The primary reason is that our society is a sick society that believes that it's well and that all prisoners are sick. The very term "corrections" carries with it the connotation that "we are going to correct you." Yet the correction is back to the norm of society in which we live—nothing is said about whether those norms are good or bad. And most of the guys in prison are there because they are poor, uneducated, and black. We refuse to deal with the social causes of crime—lack of education, housing, employment; or discrimination. Our advertising doesn't help when it says that to be a good American man you need an income of $15,000 a year. □

Citizen Involvement: A Sampler of Successes

By MARTHA A. LANE

Since half of all major crimes in the United States are committed by persons under 18, programs for young offenders—while they are still misdemeanants and before they commit a felony—are essential.

A seminarian in Denver, Colo., wanted to help juvenile offenders on a one-to-one basis. With ten like-minded friends but no money he founded Partners, which today involves some 300 volunteers. Misdemeanants and their volunteers meet three hours a week for a year, sometimes to talk, other times for recreational activities. Increasingly ex-offenders are serving as volunteers. Youth helped through Partners seldom appear in court again.

Young people from Center United Methodist Church and six other Indianapolis congregations visit Indiana Boys School every other week for such joint activities as picnics. Some UMYFers have taken boys-school inmates to the Indianapolis 500 race. Previously, inmates' regular visitors were psychiatrists or other professionals.

An estimated 150,000 volunteers fill literally hundreds of positions in courts and court-related programs. Others help staff correctional institutions.

The Hennepin County Department of Court Services Volunteer Program, Minneapolis, Minn., involves more than 400 unpaid staff. Volunteers have been trained as probation officers, group-therapy leaders, marriage counselors, supervisors of parent/child visitation; to conduct prehearing and presentence investigations, and much more.

The Bucks County (Pa.) Department of Corrections uses about 125 volunteers in three correctional institutions. They do office work in a rehabilitation center, welcome visitors, and work directly with inmates.

A number of far-reaching, multipronged programs began as a visitation ministry.

In Walpole State Prison in Massachusetts, an inmate asked a visitor, "How can I learn computer programming?" The volunteer contacted Honeywell Corporation for information. As a result, data-processing training now is offered in at least two Massachusetts prisons.

In Seattle, Wash., a minister felt called to visit a prison—something he knew nothing about. He asked to see "the man who's been here the longest and has had no communication with the outside." He met a fellow who had been there since he was 18, who had not received a letter in

seven years. After four months of weekly visits, the minister convinced the man of his sincere concern.

That was the beginning of Job Therapy, Inc., through which 800 Seattle-area volunteers meet with felons on a one-to-one basis, helping them to see their strengths and to prepare for jobs and job-training. Housewife volunteers canvass the job market monthly to learn what jobs are available. Most of the men helped through Job Therapy get jobs upon their release. The program, now expanding to other states, always works with those least likely to succeed —with much success.

Brentwood United Methodist youth, Denver, Colo., regularly visit the maximum security division of Colorado State Penitentiary, many of whose 1,500 inmates are just 19 or 20. Prison rules presently restrict the young people's participation to Sunday worship services which they plan and lead and to occasional Yokefellow meetings (small Christian-study groups).

Pioneer United Methodists in Walla Walla, Wash., have visited, participated in small groups, and led worship services in the nearby penitentiary for years. This spring three inmates were allowed to lead a study program at the church on *I'm OK, You're OK* (Harper & Row, $5.95). They wanted to share how the book on transactional analysis by Thomas A. Harris had helped them in prison. The meeting was so fruitful it was repeated on an ecumenical basis.

Families of prisoners suffer greatly, even though personally innocent of the crime their member committed.

In 1955 two California women asked a sheriff what became of the family of a man suddenly jailed. He didn't know so they investigated. Nothing was being done. They began a program which today uses hundreds of volunteers to minister to prisoners' spouses and children. Friends Outside, headquartered in San Jose, provides transportation, day and summer camps, tutoring, and emergency aid to families—but only at the prisoner's request.

In San Quentin, Calif., a brightly painted, five-room bungalow directly across from the state prison's gates aids as many of the 3,000 monthly prison visitors as ask for it. At least 15 churches now provide volunteers and funds for The House. Help ranges from free coffee to transportation to and from the bus depot to counseling.

Most convicts are males. FBI figures show, however, that female arrests for major crimes such as larceny, embezzlement, and narcotics violations are rising sharply.

Since 1969, Southern California-Arizona Conference women have been heavily involved with women parolees. In Arizona they help women, one-to-one, particularly on their release. Long Beach women aid parolees from Terminal Island, a federal facility. San Gabriel women visit, put on Christmas parties for inmates and their families, do some drug-treatment work.

Riverside churchwomen set up a halfway house, meet emergency needs of prisoners' families. Two San Bernardino ladies took evening classes in social work so they could aid drug parolees. And two former inmates helped by the Riverside halfway house in turn have opened their own home to parolees with drug-addiction problems.

Some of the nation's best-known prison ministries were either begun by or are heavily supported by United Methodist individuals and congregations.

The Alston Wilkes Society, a statewide South Carolina program, was begun by a concerned layman in 1962. It now is the largest prisoner-aid or correctional-service agency in the world (6,000 members aid 1,500 people a year). Volunteers visit prisoners, are parole counselors to youthful offenders, and help develop parole plans. They find jobs and housing for released men and women, teach prerelease classes, plan in-prison social events, assist prisoners' families, and run halfway houses.

Somerset County Chaplaincy Council, Somerville, N.J., an ecumenical ministry with offices in the United Methodist Church of Somerville, is an excellent example of a countywide program. Council work includes systematic visitation and Sunday-morning services at the county jail; a drop-in center for teens; school discussions about drugs, the law, and related topics; everything from emergency housing to foster-home placement for prisoners' families; vocational training and counseling; studies of existing jail and justice systems followed by specific recommendations for improvements; lobbying for legislative reform; in-jail film and discussion groups; even weekly radio programs about the local corrections scene.

The public's refusal to cooperate with police is a major reason for continued crime and violence. A few programs work against police-community distrust.

The Police-Clergy Crisis Program in Ohio assigns volunteer clergy to ride regularly with police squads. While the program helps clergy understand both their community and the problems faced by police, the major achievement probably is the aid on-the-spot clergy can bring persons facing death, arrest, and other tragedies.

A Chicago citizen-action group representing some 35 organizations has successfully pressured local officials to improve court procedures, police-community relations, and other justice-related problems. The Northern Illinois Conference helped launch the coalition—the Alliance to End Repression—in 1969. The largely white, middle-class, nondisruptive group gets things done by asking hard questions and studying existing conditions.

Those who best know and understand the problems of prisoners, of course, are ex-prisoners. Dozens of programs run by and for ex-convicts now exist.

The Fortune Society aids about 30 ex-convicts a day in New York City. About three dozen ex-inmates speak in teams to churches and other interested groups about how the penal system really works. The group sells items made by prisoners and ex-convicts, puts out a newsletter, and directs a large correspondence project.

In Philadelphia the Barbwire Society aids just-released convicts. Connections, staffed mostly by convicts' spouses, does similar work in San Francisco. □

People Called Methodists
No. 80 in a Series

Daryl Henry:

BEAT COP

Text by H. B. TEETER
Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER

Investigating reports of an out-of-state car transporting stolen goods, Patrolman Daryl Henry checks a young suspect's driver's license.

ONE DAY early last year, an Arizona housewife sat down to write a letter to the editor of a local newspaper's "The People Speak" department:

"Today I heard my husband (a police patrolman) referred to as a 'pig!' Today I kissed him goodbye, watched him smilingly wave goodbye to our children and wondered, will he be smiling when he returns, or if he returns?"

Mrs. Donna Henry, young mother of three, poured out the pent-up emotions she had felt for months as riots swept city after city and disrespect for law-enforcement officers became widespread. Of her reason for writing a letter to the *Phoenix Republic-Gazette*, she said:

"Uppermost in my mind was the fact that six officers had been killed in Arizona within as many weeks. How could one call such men 'pigs'? They had given their lives to protect others."

Her letter continued:

"Each day I say a silent prayer and wonder what he will be faced with that day: a suicide victim (with an unrecognizable face), a lost child, a youth who's on a 'bad trip'?"

All these things—and more—could happen to Mrs. Henry's husband, 29-year-old Daryl, a five-year veteran on the Phoenix police force.

"How many family fights will he be called to, and how many indignant citizens will he confront if he issues them a ticket for traffic violations?

"Will someone today take a shot at him because he stands for authority or wears a uniform . . . ? Today I can't erase the question from my mind that someone posed a few weeks ago: 'Why doesn't he get a different job before someone kills him?' "

This wife's concern, of course, is shared by several hundred other wives and mothers in Phoenix and surrounding Maricopa County. Daryl Henry is only one of more than 900 policemen in that city-county area where, in 1970 alone, more than 40,000 crimes of violence were reported.

It is a quiet morning, however, as Patrolman Henry and his partner, Robert Cartwright, cruise their area not far from city hall. Daryl knows it well, having walked it, armed and unarmed, to become better acquainted with its 5,000 residents. A great deal of his time afoot, and in the squad car, has been spent in public relations.

Today, as the squad car moves slowly along, the shacks, bars, alleys, and decaying business buildings

As they customarily do before going on shift at 10 a.m., Patrolman Henry (left) and his partner review assignments and reports in a coffee shop near the Phoenix police station. Note radio receiver at Mr. Henry's left hand. It keeps them in touch with the department dispatcher when they are out of the squad car.

drowse peacefully in reddish-yellow dust under the Arizona sun. Here and there the patrolmen recognize and hail men and women they have arrested before and probably will arrest again. One is a dope pusher who was finally caught with the goods after weeks of painstaking surveillance and is now awaiting trial.

Meanwhile, throughout the county, things are relatively quiet. It will be the night men who will be busiest as the tempo of crime mounts steadily during the week to its Friday, Saturday, and Sunday-night peak.

Daryl Henry, who has worked the city by night as well as by day, has seen and heard it all. A dark-eyed, heavy-set young man with broad shoulders and a pleasant smile, he wonders if he can ever hide his own human emotions behind that hard shield some believe belongs to the typical cop. Only the year before, policemen like him in the Phoenix area investigated 83 murders, 301 rapes, 1,583 robberies, 2,567 assaults, and 18,295 burglaries. Daryl Henry and his partner investigated more than their share of 6,024 automobile thefts and 12,000 cases of larceny involving sums of $50 or more.

Seldom will his hard, routine work come to the public's attention—the sometimes fruitless months devoted to gathering evidence against a criminal, for example.

"We're not television personalities," Daryl says, even though some of his assignments are of the same nature as those dramatized by actors. "Our lives—most of the time—aren't very exciting. We like to think that our mere presence in a high-crime area is some deterrent, but we can't be everywhere at once.

"Of course, we become depressed when a guilty person goes free. Jail sentences, when they are leveled, are sometimes too light. Yet we know that there are not enough jails to house all the criminals who should be there. And we know that the jails we do have don't have the right kind of programs to redirect inmates into better lives."

Most of Patrolman Henry's work, like that of many another cop, involves such routine matters as reports of stolen or abandoned automobiles, traffic tickets or citations, and burglary investigations.

"Sometimes we are frustrated because things simply don't fall into place," he says. "Some days every lead we follow ends up in a blind alley. But then tomorrow, everything may click."

A policeman has to let tomorrow take care of itself. He knows that sooner or later the squad-car radio will come to life to report a knifing, a holdup, a man with a gun, a beating, or a barroom fight. Much of the violence in Phoenix, as elsewhere, seems to be concentrated in low-income areas. Here one senses the repressed hostility and anger that often explodes; here one finds the hopelessness of the drug addict, the unemployed and unemployable, the alcoholics of a skid row, the friendless and forsaken.

At the same time, Daryl Henry knows that crime is not confined to inner-city ghettos. It also is widespread, though dispersed, in affluent residential sections of the city and county.

"Sometimes," he says, "we have to make up our minds within seconds or minutes in a situation that requires weeks or months for a judge or jury."

No one is more aware of the thinness of the blue—or khaki—line standing between the average citizen and those who would prey upon him. He knows that many who say "sir" to his face will call him "fuzz" or "pig" behind his back. Yet his vow as a law-enforcement officer is to "safeguard lives and property, to protect the innocent against deception, the weak against oppression or intimidation, and the peaceful against violence and disorder." At the same time he must respect the rights of everyone—including the criminal—to "liberty, equality, and justice."

The honest cop is as aware as anyone that law enforcement has its share of misfits, sadists, and opportunists. He knows where the easy money is, and it is there for the taking. Such corruption has been uncovered time and again in every part of the nation. It also is found in law, politics, banking, business—in fact, every other walk of life. The honest career man in law enforcement is so dedicated that he refuses to accept the smallest of gratuities—including, in the case of Daryl Henry and his partner, the offer of *Together*'s photographer to pay for their coffee.

"I think Daryl sees his job as a service to his fellowman and community—and thus his Christian service," says his pastor, the Rev. E. Clark Robb of Albright United Methodist Church in Phoenix. But, the minister points out, that role does not end when Daryl puts his uniform and gun away.

"Donna and Daryl are simply a beautiful Christian couple," Mr. Robb says. "They are active in the young-adult program of the church. Daryl is treasurer of the local chapter of United Methodist Men, and Donna is active in the women's society and church school."

Donna traces their active church life and spiritual rebirth to "vows we took at the altar together as Christians five years ago." Despite her concern for her husband's safety, as implied in her letter to the *Republic-Gazette*, she declares:

"I have the comfort that many wives of policemen do not have—knowing that Daryl has accepted Christ."

When her husband joined the police force in 1967, a representative from the department called on her to point out that the family of any policeman often is subjected to stress and harassment. Should such ever be the

"The minute he steps into the yard I know whether or not he has had a hard day on the beat," says Donna Henry. "And if my day hasn't been too easy, he pitches in and helps around the house. Daryl is a very kind and considerate husband."

case, Donna believes her faith in God would see her through.

Although Daryl often "moonlights" the 16 extra hours a week permitted by his department, the Henrys live quietly. They occasionally go out to a nice restaurant, or take their children on an outing. Together they attended a Lay Institute for Evangelism in 1971, and continue to devote much of their spare time to witnessing before young people.

"I'll do anything I can, all that I can, to keep even one teen-ager from making a mistake that could lead to a life of trouble," says Donna who has served as a counselor at a Senior High Decisions Camp for the past two years. "Not so long ago I was a teen-ager myself so I don't find it hard to relate to that age group."

Daryl grew up a member of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church, completed three years of college, and was working as assistant manager of a pizza parlor in Phoenix when he met his wife-to-be. He has little time for hobbies other than reading and softball. Like most policemen, he has an occasional bad day.

"I can tell the minute he comes home whether things have gone well during his shift," Donna says. She knew something was wrong one afternoon last April when her husband came through the door without his usual smile.

Earlier, he and his partner had answered an urgent call to an apartment building. As they arrived, a seriously wounded man staggered from the building and fell into the front seat of the squad car. Behind him came a woman with a gun. After the woman was disarmed, the two officers drove the shooting victim to a hospital.

It wasn't pleasant to clean up the squad car after that, and there was blood on Daryl Henry when he reached home. Such things are all in a day's work for a beat cop, but Daryl Henry wanted nothing to eat that night.

What does Donna Henry think about such things? She said it in the conclusion of her letter to the newspaper:

". . . I thank God for men like him . . . Some call him 'pig!' I call him a loving husband and a valuable human being." □

Unable to eat after the blessing at dinner, Daryl rests his head on one hand as though attempting to rub out the memory of a shooting that day which left its seriously wounded victim bleeding profusely in his squad car. Policemen face many such tragedies during their careers—and some can never be forgotten.

"But while he was yet at a distance, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and embraced him and kissed him. And the son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son.' But the father said to his servants, 'Bring quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' And they began to make merry."
—Luke 15:20-24

Parent to the Prodigal

By C. KING DUNCAN, JR.
Pastor, United Methodist Church
Lookout Mountain, Tennessee

IT WAS NOT an easy thing for the father to do—swallow his pride and rush out to meet his wayward son. Often in his mind he had pondered what he would do if and when his son should return home. There were times when he felt he would give him a sound thrashing.

It was a merciless thing that his son had done. For years the boy's father and mother had worked and saved so that someday they would be able to turn over to the boy a great inheritance. How did he thank them? By taking the inheritance and leaving home as soon as he was able, and there had not been a word from him in all the months he had been gone.

The strain was starting to show on his mother. Each morning she would rise and peer expectantly out a window in the direction he had gone to see if he might be coming home.

There were other times when the father felt an entirely different emotion. In the loneliness of his room during his evening prayer the weight of the years seemed heavier and the sense of accomplishment that he once felt about his life now seemed empty and futile. From the innermost part of his breast came a prayer, "O God, please bring my boy home. Things will be different from now on. I'll be more attentive to him—even try to understand him. But please! bring my boy home."

What is it like to be the parent of a prodigal? There are hundreds and thousands of parents in this country today who could give you a very personal answer. For every youth aimlessly wandering the streets of New York or San Francisco, Atlanta or Chattanooga, there are parents—some of them seemingly unconcerned to be sure—in the depths of despair over their young son or daughter who has left home in search of a whole new realm of experience.

What is it like to be the parent of a prodigal? There are some who know all too well. Perhaps their son or daughter has never actually left home. One does not have to leave the physical confines of his parents' home to become a prodigal. New habits, new friends, new attitudes—and soon a normal generation gap becomes an ever-widening gulf. And the parent of the prodigal waits, watches, and prays.

There are some things which all of us ought to recognize about prodigals.

First, we need to understand that young people are going to make mistakes. This should not be a difficult proposition to accept for two reasons. One, because they are people. Admit now, you make mistakes. I make mistakes. All God's children make mistakes. "To err is

human," someone has said, "to forgive, divine." Our youth are going to make mistakes simply because they are human beings.

Secondly, they are going to make mistakes because they are young. Being a teen-ager has always been difficult. Go back to the time when you were at that stage of life. Remember the desires, the pressures, the guilt, the loneliness, the longings that are unique to that stage of human development? Imagine dealing with those intense feelings within the context of a society such as ours today. Is there any wonder that some of our youth are going to stumble and fall from time to time?

Our young people are going to make errors. I wish it were not the case. I wish that none of our young people would give in to the temptation to experiment with drugs or with alcohol or even with tobacco since scientists have shown us how destructive these can be to our bodies. Some parents could set better examples in this regard. If they did, at least one stumbling block for our youth would be removed.

I wish none of our youth would pick the wrong kind of friends, start going steady too early or with the wrong kind of person. I wish none of them would be irresponsible with a car, flunk a course in school, or get themselves into any kind of trouble. But that is another sermon altogether.

TODAY the crucial question in many homes is, How does a parent respond to the very natural and human mistakes of their young? Some parents are horrified at the slightest manifestation of any sort of deviation by their teen-ager from the parents' own attitudes or lifestyles. Sharp words are exchanged. The dinner table becomes a battlefield for debate. Hurt feelings result, and then these same parents wonder why their teen-agers do not come to them when they have serious problems to resolve. Begin by admitting and accepting the fact that young people are going to make mistakes.

The second point to be made is that most prodigals do come home. The first proposition is a call to accept fallibility in our young, but the second is a call to keep faith in our young. The truth is if we have been the kind of parents we ought to have been, sooner or later our young are going to show it.

I like the story about the little boy who told his Sunday-school class the parable of the prodigal son. It went something like this: "He sold his coat to buy food. He sold his shirt to buy food. He sold his undershirt to buy food. And finally he came to himself." The truth of the matter is, given the opportunity, most young people will come to themselves.

Psychologists have been affirming for years what the Scriptures reported centuries ago: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Do you believe that? I do. Parents of prodigals ought to look first at themselves. It may be that we have not lived what we have taught. There are some young people who cannot respect themselves because they cannot respect those closest to them.

Parents of prodigals who look carefully at themselves may discover that some changes are in order. But if a parent can say from the depths of his or her heart, "I have done the best I could," then he or she ought to take heart. Have confidence in that young person to whom you have given your best. Have confidence, show confidence, and more than likely your efforts will be rewarded.

It just may be that your child has accepted more of your highest ideals than you have accepted. I am amused in an ironic sort of way at parents who teach their small children that wonderful little kindergarten song, "Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world. Red and yellow, black and white, all are precious in his sight . . ." and then wonder why their teen-agers are so uptight about racial brotherhood.

The same can be said for parents who are faithful in teaching their children the great commandment, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbor as yourself." Then we wonder why our young have such disturbing questions about war. Remember! Most prodigals come home.

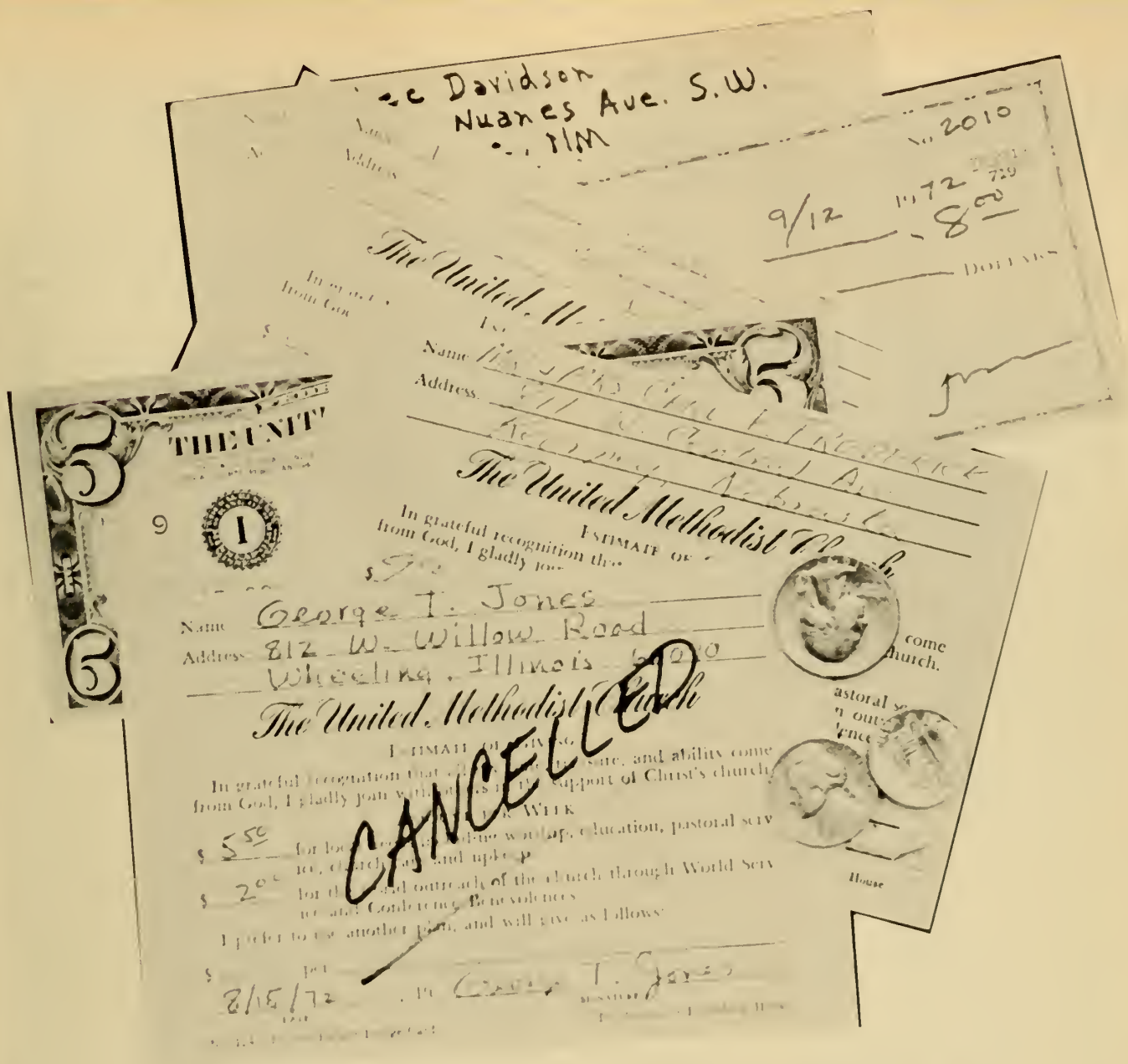
Finally, let nothing break the relationship between you and the prodigal child. You need each other. Paul phrased the depth of God's love for his people this way: ". . . neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Is that not also the love we are to have for our children? Do not let anything break that relationship. I appeal to both sides of the generation gap. This sermon could just as easily be entitled *Child to the Prodigal Parent.* Parents, too, make mistakes. Keep the lines of communication open. Accept one another's frailties. Have faith in each other.

There were times when my parents knew what being parents to a prodigal was like because I made nearly every mistake a growing young man could make. However, as I look at my life, I see how much I owe to parents who refused to give up on me.

Youth will make mistakes. All of us do. But more often than not, the prodigal will come home. Have confidence. Trust in God and believe in youth. More important, let nothing break the unique relationship between you and your children.

Prayer: Father, as you love us, so may we love one another. As you accept us just as we are, so may we accept one another. As you are always the forgiving father waiting to welcome home the prodigal, so may we forgive one another, that our homes may be blessed and your name glorified. Amen. □



In an imperfect world, do you expect perfection in the church? And if the church does not reflect your own opinions or prejudices, do you attempt to strike back? Here's a letter—

To George, Who Canceled His Pledge

By WILLIAM H. HUDNUT, JR.

A FRIEND of mine and his wife just returned from a long and expensive vacation in Hawaii. He told me, with considerable self-approval, that he had canceled his pledge to his church and that the reason was that he felt it was the only way he could protest against the many church policies with which he disagreed. He felt

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that the church is being run, if not by Communists, at least by fellow travelers, and that there are other causes today more Christian—and more deserving of support—than the church. We had a long talk; but afterward, as is often the case, I was dissatisfied with our conversation, and I wrote him what I wish I had said:

Pastor's Study
First Church

Dear George:

You are typical of more than a few affluent members who have reduced or discontinued their giving to their church. In their opinion that is the only effective form of protest open to them against some of the church's policies. I respect your right to disagree with your church, of course, but I do not feel that cutting your pledge is a well-grounded or appropriate form of protest.

For one thing, canceling a pledge is not really an effective way of changing a policy; it doesn't accomplish your objective. You want to hit the National Council of Churches, the World Council of Churches, or some general church board or agency, and you just cannot do it in this way. Your shotgun approach will not find your targets. In trying to hurt them, which you do to a slight extent, you hurt all the causes in our church's budget in which you do believe so your protest actually misses its mark.

Please remember that you could be wrong. There is something disturbingly self-righteous and judgmental about the attitude of many of the church's critics. It's easy to criticize and to stop giving to what is being criticized. But the facts may not be as you understand or interpret them. It's important to get one's facts straight. Without a careful study of the matter about which you are protesting, a study which impatient critics are often unwilling to make, you really are not prepared to offer a reasoned judgment.

A case in point: more than 1,600 alumni of the college I attended withdrew their subscriptions and many others reduced theirs, largely in protest against coeducation. Most of them were older graduates who set themselves up as champions of the pre-World War II status quo; they were unwilling to trust the considered judgment of the present faculty, administration, trustees, and students. The withdrawal of the contributions hurts, of course, and the graduates' protest is heard, obviously; but the policy will not be changed, which was their professed objective. Their failure to give represents pique at losing out rather than any real attempt to improve the university.

The same sort of attitude may be festering inside those who are withdrawing their support from the church. They won't play ball unless the game can be played according to their rules, and when the decision goes against them, they quit the game. It never seems to occur to them that their rules might be uninformed, inadequate, or obsolete.

Canceling your pledge to the church of Christ would seem to be denying the tremendous need of the world for his gospel. Of course the church has its faults, many of them. Of course it makes mistakes, plenty of them. Of course it goes astray, often. But above and beyond all this it has work to do: helping God create Christlike character in individuals and brotherhood in society. That is the most important work in the world, and withholding funds from the church in these days of enormous need is helping to sabotage the building of God's kingdom. It certainly is not obeying Christ's command to "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation."

One way to test the wisdom of our acts is to universalize them. Ask yourself, "What if every member cut his pledge to the church?" The church's work and witness would be immeasurably handicapped, and I am sure that this is not your objective, that you don't really want to weaken the church. You want it to be stronger, better, more effective than it is, do you not? But how is withdrawing your support going to bring these changes about?

If we were to support only those institutions with which we entirely agree, we would indeed not support many, including the government. I can remember your vociferous opposition over the years to many things the government has done or failed to do. How you opposed F.D.R.'s court-packing plan; how skeptical you have always been of our country's participation in the United Nations; how you agonized over the Senate's failure to confirm certain presidential appointments; how you have loathed every evidence of black power, student protest, and the like and have felt that the government should "crack down on these rabble-rousers!" If you had not *had* to pay taxes, I fear your contribution to the government would long ago have been canceled altogether.

All this simply goes to show, I should think, that if we would be competent and effective citizens in a pluralistic society, we are therefore bound to support many institutions—like the government—with which we do not wholly agree, but which, nevertheless, are indispensable.

Please remember that the only supporters our church has are its members. We cannot turn to the government or to corporations or to the community chest. We cannot expect Roman Catholics, Jews, Episcopalians, Mormons, or atheists to help us. Making our church an effective participant in the worldwide Christian enterprise is something that is squarely up to us, and this cannot be accomplished on a no-pledge basis. The day in which we live and the Christian cause which we serve cry aloud for ever-widening views, ever-expanding endeavors, and ever-increasing support. It is when good men do little or nothing that the cause of evil prospers. The responsibility of the Christian is not to approve every act of the church but to decide whether on the whole it is true to its Lord, whether by and large it is building his Kingdom. Mistakes will inevitably be made in tactics, but these can be borne if the overall strategy is right.

Beyond all these observations, let me say that the church really does need support today as seldom before. The secularism, the brutality, and the idolatry of this age present the church with one of the most serious challenges it has ever faced. The plain fact of the matter is that the church has very few friends left. One of our chief indoor sports is criticizing the church, and the church *is* vulnerable at many points. It must often speak the unpopular word and do the controversial deed in its witness to God's truth. It must champion "the poor and him who has no helper." It must endure withering fire from the reactionary right and the radical left, from the secularist, the agnostic, and the playboy. Many of its friends are deserting; fewer men are going into the

pastorate; fewer people are joining the church; fewer children are going to Sunday school.

But simply pointing out the church's failures will get us nowhere. Who among us is immune to failure? How blithely we use the church as a convenient scapegoat for our own shortcomings. It is so terrifyingly easy to denigrate the church, to treat it as a whipping boy, so fashionable to look down upon it and call it passé, so avant-garde to discuss it as no longer relevant to modern life, no longer possessed of a message of any consequence or a mission of any significance.

Sometimes even those who are supposed to be its spiritual leaders speak with an uncertain voice as did a theology professor I heard not long ago. He tore his hair and pulled at his Adam's apple, contorted his features and waved his arms until he was in a lather and so was I. But not one encouraging word was heard for the church of Christ.

The professor's talk was indefinite, perplexed, and vacillating, filled with confusion and doubt and delicately balanced on the verge of manifold possibilities, never contemplating a leap of faith that would land him squarely on one positive assertion. All that clearly came through was his profound disenchantment with the church.

Why is it that so often we Christians tend to dissociate ourselves from the church, to criticize it as though it were somehow a separate entity and "they" were responsible for it? We are the church, right here and now; we are responsible, under God, for its present and its future. "The church is always," as someone has said, "a citadel of hope built upon the edge of despair." And in these days as seldom before, it needs our support. We must hold up its hands, encourage it to speak the truth, defend its right to make mistakes, and try to keep it true to its Lord. Henry Ward Beecher used to say, "The church is not a gallery for the exhibition of eminent Christians but a school for the education of imperfect ones." And how right he was.

The great thing about the Christian church, for all its faults, is that through it God is continually inviting us to meet him out in the world and to change it. He keeps telling us through the church that life is not a mindless farce or a cruel tragedy but that it has meaning, that our earth is a visited planet, that the trail to abundant living has already been blazed. Too often we forget all this and imagine that God is dead and that we are going it alone, without any invisible means of support. Not at all. Christ has trod the path before us, the road is marked, and the church is traveling upon it—not as fast as some would like, faster perhaps than you like, but moving nonetheless, and trying to help society move, toward the brotherhood of man. Make as much of the church's defects as you will. Still it is the preserver, the defender, and the propagator of the Christian faith, which I believe is the one clear hope of our despairing humanity.

Do you really want to withdraw support from that? □

The Case of the Kinetic Dollar Bill

IT HAPPENED one morning as the ushers arrived at the chancel with the offering plates. The plates were full of envelopes, registration cards, and reservation slips for the next church-night supper. (It's surprising what you find in the collection these days.)

As our pastor was receiving a plate from one of the ushers, a dollar bill sprang back into the hand of the usher who promptly tossed it back into the plate. The dollar bill jumped right back into his hand! If the pastor had not collared it, the bill would have sailed right back to the door of the church with the usher.

After that we decided we might have to appoint a commission to put a stop to dollar bills that will not stay on the plate.

The scientists among us came up with what we consider an improbable explanation. "Static electricity," they said, looking very profound. "From the carpet," they declared. "Static electricity is worse than a magnet. It attracted the dollar bill to the usher's hand."

We have heard of static electricity, of course, but we have our own explanation of why the dollar bill wanted to leave the collection plate.

A dollar bill knows what it can do when you put it in the plate. Because it is a Christian dollar bill, there are a million jobs waiting for it. It can patch a leaky roof, or pay the salary of the custodian, or keep the lights turned on.

Because it is a dollar bill with imagination, it can go around the world in 80 days, keeping missionaries at their posts, buying powdered milk for a hungry family, building a new theological seminary, or printing the Bible in one of a thousand tongues. You cannot blame a dollar bill with a mission for not wanting to wait.

Maybe our kinetic dollar bill had heard Jesus' saying to the effect that if you are at worship and suddenly recall someone you have wronged, go and set the wrong right, and *then* come and offer your gift. Maybe that dollar bill wanted to get outside the church and repair the kind of broken relationship which can only be mended by prayer and a generous heart.

From now on we are going to keep an eye on the dollar bills on our offering plates. When the next one leaps out of the plate, we're going to let it go—and we will follow it straight out the door, whatever its mission of goodwill may be.

—*Wheaton P. Webb*

Letters

TOO BUSY WITH CHURCH WORK TO BE CHRISTIAN

Thank You! Thank you! Thank you! And amen! for printing Bea Hammond's *I'm Through With Church Work* [August-September, page 34]. It sure did ring a very familiar note with my experience, and I appreciate the courage and time and effort it took to put such "rebellious thoughts" on paper.

I still remember the reaction when I confided to one of our church-pillar-type people that I had become so busy doing church work that I didn't have time to be a Christian anymore. She didn't understand and now that I'm older and wiser I wouldn't expect her to.

Now I pray and work, waiting for the miracle of salvation to occur which liberates people from many things—even "church work."

MRS. R. DAVIDSON
Lancaster, N.Y.

ON CYCLES FOR TEENS: WHERE'S THE MONEY BUSH?

Today my copy of the August-September issue came in the mail. I know my 13½-year-old son will enjoy the cover picture and the story inside about *Preacher Bob's Cycle Club* [page 30]. But where, oh where, do those parents find that extra $600 for a motorcycle? If it is grown on a bush in the backyard, please share a cutting of the root with me.

In return I'll share a copy of a poem written by my 17-year-old niece, Marlene Tannler of Willingboro, N.J. I ask you, Mr. Editor, what words were you using at 17? When I read the words of this poem, I am ashamed of my small vocabulary. At 17 I didn't even know what "sanctify," "stature," and "eminent" meant, much less put them into verse.

If you would print it, you might clear the air for us who didn't care much for that teen version of the Lord's Prayer you published last May. (But no offense to the teen-ager who wanted to change it.)

Here is the poem which my niece wrote titled *Peace:*

Disregard all deception,
Demonstrate fruitful deeds,
Develop a worthy outlook,
Satisfy someone's needs.

Sanctify all that is treasured,
Elate in yourself a pride.
Master an eminent stature,
Never to be denied.

Relinquish the thought of loneliness,
Abandon the anguish of pain.
For then within the walls
of your heart will dwell
peace that will always remain.

MRS. JACOB SCHAEFER
Scranton, Pa.

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LEADERS OUT OF TOUCH WITH PEOPLE IN PEWS

The liberal stance of The United Methodist Church has long troubled me. The fact that evangelical and pentecostal churches are growing while ours, and other established churches, are experiencing diminished attendance and support suggests that others share my concern.

The purpose of this letter is to take issue with Dr. Ezra Earl Jones, whose study of extremism in our church you reported [July, page 22]. He found that the laity fall slightly to the right of center, whereas the clergy are slightly to the left. Dr. Jones went on to explain that this could be good because, to be an effective leader, a clergyman "must stay a little out in front of the laity."

To me, this equates a leftist orientation as the desirable direction for the laity to move. I could not disagree more! Each step to the left saps the vitality from our church as well as from our country.

If majority rules in The United Methodist Church, then the "leaders" are too far out of touch with the people in the pews to ever be effective—without heart-searching modification of their leftist views.

MRS. HAROLD T. EVERSON
Glastonbury, Conn.

THERE ARE WAYS TO EXPRESS DISAPPROVAL

I hope Dr. Ezra Earl Jones is badly mistaken in his survey finding that 73 percent of our laity support the government in its Viet Nam policy and that an even larger percentage are gullible enough to think that Mr. Nixon is leading us to peace.

Be that as it may, those of us who chafe under the realization that we can do little should not give up too easily. There are ways you can express your disapproval. None of us does enough, but I tried today when I mailed my check in payment of my telephone bill. Along with it I sent a letter in protest to the federal excise tax of $1.25 on my $13.69 bill. And I sent copies to the Internal Revenue Service and to my congressman and senators.

Many of my friends throughout the country who feel as I do that this war is atrocious, unnecessary, and a shame to our beloved land are protesting this particular tax by nonpayment of it. I was dissuaded from doing this by the argument that the government would get the money anyway, with penalty and interest, and that it would cause the telephone company's accountants a nuisance.

I encouraged the telephone company to keep up efforts to have the excise tax repealed and urged the legislators to redouble their efforts to end the war now—not with pious phrases about love of peace, but by getting our bombers as well as our ground forces out of Viet Nam.

Imagine the effect of 350 bombing missions a day over an area no larger than Mr. Nixon's home state of California! That is what we are doing in Viet Nam —and going about our daily work unconcerned!

LAVERNE E. BASINGER
Quincy, Ill.

LEADERS' ACTIONS MAKE HER ASHAMED

I had a most pleasant time reading the August-September issue of *Together*—until I read page 17. Then I felt ashamed that some leaders of our church would act as they did in your news report on *Churches' Antiwar Pleas Rebuffed in Washington.*

To me, our President is a great man who is carrying a terrific load of responsibility. Many of us

are praying for him regularly for wisdom, strength, and protection. He has been plagued so much by radicals of our society who have such short memories. They cry· "Take us out of Viet Nam right now!" They don't seem to remember who sent our troops over there in the first place.

When Mr. Nixon became President, there were 550,000 of our servicemen in that little country. Now it is down to 25,000 residual troops. What a change—and yet some people are still hollering.

Of all the leading people in our country, President Nixon is to me the most outstanding and constructive in his approach to world peace. He is guiding our country in a way we should be proud of. Those church people who acted so childlike in their demands to the Senate should be reprimanded by our church and all churches.

VELMA E. BAKER
Fort Dodge, Iowa

CAN BLOODBATH BE JUSTIFIED BY CHRISTIANS?

In concerned response to the letter of Roy G. Wariner, I would like to offer another viewpoint. [See *U.S. Air Power or Communist Bloodletting?* August-September, page 55.]

I urge each Christian to read *The Death of All Children,* available at 10¢ per copy from the editors of *Esquire* magazine. This article is a thought-provoking explanation of what can happen when the ultimate power to destroy human life is unleashed.

In Viet Nam, U.S. air power is synonymous with U.S. bloodletting. A bomb does not discriminate between ideologies, age, or sex, between soldier or civilian.

Surely the practice of mass destruction cannot be civilized behavior. Jesus said that we should love our enemies, by righteous living provide them an example to follow. How strange it seems to me that some can justify a bloodbath in the name of Christianity.

MRS. LINDA CUMMENS
Makanda, Ill.

SHE LIKES LETTERS— EXCEPT FROM ELSEWHERE

Four letters in the July issue cause me to write to you.

Mr. Albert M. Wildrick is one among many "tired Methodists." It is indeed discouraging that the church is succumbing to that frailty of other organizations: being overly critical and far more concerned about alleviating problems overseas than in making improvements at home.

Iva Jane Frohwein and Marvin B. Sterling echo my sentiments regarding the Lord's Prayer. It is disgusting to read the teen version you printed, hardly a substitute for the original. I'm not far removed from the teen scene, and we don't need teeny-bopper language for something so beautiful.

Finally, Mrs. Everett McNary makes some valid and thought-provoking comments. In "blowing her cool," she reveals what many of us have thought.

Can the *Letters from Elsewhere* be phased out? It is absolutely the worst junk I have seen printed. Besides the terrible misspellings and grammatical errors, it is really a valueless column.

Please feature more cartoons and some religious jokes. I have read your magazine since I was about ten years old and enjoy it very much. I do hope you heed your readers' suggestions.

MRS. DON A. MURDOCH
Woodland, Calif.

We try, Mrs. Murdoch. But it isn't easy when readers seek opposite results from their suggestions [see below]. For now, we're staying with Mr. Goben—and with our associate, H. Clutter. His Elsewhere *report failed to arrive this month, but we expect one for December.*—Your Editors

IF CLUTTER GOES, FANS WILL PICKET

I am relieved to see that H. Clutter's *Letters From Elsewhere* have reappeared in summer issues after his April absence. I fear that had the column not reappeared, there would have been picketing at the editorial offices by the loyal members of H. Clutter fan clubs across United Methodism.

DONALD K. GOBEN, *Pastor*
St. Paul's United Methodist Church
Poseyville, Ind.

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You Asked...

You Asked is *Together's* new general question forum. It replaces both *Teens* and *Your Faith*, long-time *Together* departments, and is an attempt to offer a more inclusive question and answer column. Questions will be accepted on such subjects as the family, Christian faith, church organization, social issues, and other matters of concern to Christians. Bishop Thomas, episcopal head of the Iowa Area, and Dr. White, district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference, will continue to supply answers along with other church officials and leaders in specialized fields.

—Your Editors

Are evil spirits ever sent by the Lord?

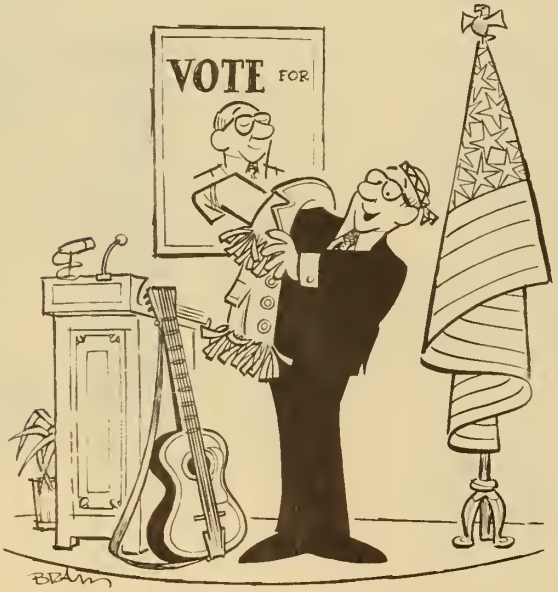
No. They come on their own accord when the Spirit of God is absent. Fundamentally, evil motives will always drive out God's Spirit.

—Bishop James S. Thomas

I'd like to go to college. Are there booklets available with listings of United Methodist-related or other Christian colleges?

Write to the Division of Higher Education, Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee, 37202. They have a directory of all United Methodist-related colleges. Then you could write to the schools which interest you and ask for their catalogs.

—Dale White



"And now to my newly enfranchised constituents . . ."

Are families reunited in heaven?

The most honest answer is: Nobody knows. For many people the agony of a broken family life is precisely what they do not want to relive. God certainly is more loving than to extend family happiness for some while making it miserable for others.

Another answer is even more pointed. Whatever happens to human beings after death is in the hands of a loving God. We keep trying to make our own conditions for eternal life by imagining what heaven should be like. But when we think of how wrong we are about our Utopias on earth, it is probably merciful for God to save us from our Utopias in heaven.

—Bishop James S. Thomas

I am a girl, 15, and I think I'm a homosexual. What can I do to change and what caused it to happen? I've no one to turn to.

I wish you could find someone to talk with. A professional counselor would be the best. Homosexual fantasies can mean so many different things. A skilled counselor could help you to understand their meaning. More important, with a counselor you could talk through your fears and hostilities. Feelings get out of focus when you have to keep them all to yourself.

—Dale White

Will war ever be abolished?

This is one of those great questions that cannot be answered with a yes or no. As a matter of national policy, war can be abolished just as institutional slavery can. To do this it will be necessary for nations to understand that wars have not solved international problems in the past nor will they solve them in the future.

Since nations declare wars, the Christian people of the world must make their voices and influence clear in the interest of peace. This means the educating of people in Christian ethics and stalwart communication in the midst of powerful lobbies.

—Bishop James S. Thomas

You Asked . . . questions should be submitted to You Asked Editor, c/o *Together*, 1661 North Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

freaks

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A Wonderful Moment to Share

By Stanley Medders

YESTERDAY Grandpa died. Too numb at first even to mourn, then too deeply hurt to question, I lay awake through the long and silent night.

It wasn't until this morning when I wandered out to the vast stretches of tideland that I felt the full depth and irreparability of our loss. For it was here that he had passed his wondrous life, here amidst the expanses of golden-tipped cordgrass, among his beloved birds and marsh plants, on the land he guarded so zealously from encroaching "progress."

And it was here that he died. It would have been incomprehensible to me had he died in any other place.

I found him in the early morning when Grandma sent me to get him before his breakfast was cold. He was lying on one of the innumerable levees he had built to provide a habitat for "his" thousands of native and migratory birds.

At first I thought he was merely resting, but then I saw that his feet were in the brackish slough water. Rushing over to him, I lifted his head and watched anxiously as his eyelids fluttered open. But he was looking past me, a smile on his pale lips. Turning to follow his gaze, I saw a snowy egret alighting in the water.

Grandpa raised his huge frame, relishing to the fullest even this, his last flicker of life. Slowly he uttered the words I'd so often heard him say, "Isn't this a wonderful moment to share, Stan?" And then he was gone.

"A wonderful moment to share . . . ." Every moment in Grandpa's life had been wonderful, each a precious time to share with others the marvels of creation.

And no one knew more about the marvels of creation. From the time I was able to toddle, I grew impatient with excitement each time I saw him put on his old "walking jacket." Then, slipping my tiny hand into his, I'd walk slowly beside him—Grandpa never hurried—out to the green and golden marshlands, pulsating with a life whose intimate details I knew before I could read.

"That's the *Spartina*, cordgrass," Grandpa would say. "When it decomposes, it releases tiny food particles that are eaten by microscopic animals, who in turn are eaten by larger animals, and so on up the chain. Without it, there wouldn't be much life in our Baylands."

Then, after we had explored the mud flats and sloughs with their teeming life, we would search for crabs and tiny bay mussels before beginning our serious bird watching. This was the part of our outings I liked best. We watched with equal fascination the awkwardness of the flushed clapper rail and the graceful flight of the great blue heron. Sometimes we came across swarming flocks of avocets and sanderlings, or a solitary Caspian tern. With each sighting Grandpa displayed the eagerness of one making his first amazing discovery.

"Isn't this a wonderful moment to share, Grandpa?" I'd ask, caught up in his contagious spell of fascination with life. Then he'd smile down at me from his great height, his weathered face seeming to hold the very secret of the universe that made him and me and the throbbing life around us all one.

In his great respect for all life, Grandpa was deeply pained when others treated it lightly. Hunters drove him to distraction, and when their guns began to crack, each shot seemed to reverberate through his massive body. "It's senseless slaughter," he fumed, his jaw muscles twitching. "They won't even eat the birds they kill."

"Now, Jim, don't get yourself all worked up," Grandma pleaded. "As long as men exist there'll be hunters,

and there's nothing that you can do about it."

"There *is* something I can do, Sal, and I'll do it," Grandpa said firmly.

And do something he did. Taking the money he had and what he could borrow from the bank, he bought all the available land around his farm, land he never planned to work. But he had his own sanctuary now, conspicuously posted—and gone were the soul-rending booms of the hunters' guns.

"He's a stubborn man," Grandma said the day after the hunting episode. "Still, I can't hold his gentleness against him. Did I ever tell you how he almost took me back home the day we were married—all because of his kindness?

"Well, he was bringing me home on the buckboard after we were married in Burlingame. The farther we traveled, the sadder I became. When we reached this desolate-looking marshland, I felt I'd made a horrible mistake, and I was sniveling like the 16-year-old I was. Jim turned to me, and I've never seen such a hurt look on any man's face. But he didn't say a word. He simply turned the buckboard around and headed back toward Burlingame.

" 'I won't bring you here if you're not ready to come with me, Sal,' he said, just as if he could read my mind. 'I was honest with you when I told you how it was out here. I love you, but I won't force you to live where you won't be happy.'

"You know, Stan, to this day I haven't felt anything but happiness. Your grandpa has that way about him."

I knew exactly what Grandma meant. Often, hurt by a friend's perverse behavior, I walked moodily the three miles from our house to my grandparents'. Seeing my face, Grandpa began preparing the therapy that cured any ill, real or imagined—he put on his walking jacket and we headed for the marshes.

That is, all except one time. I've long since forgotten what the self-pity was all about that day, but I'll never forget the look on Grandpa's face.

"Of all the ways to waste time, Stan," he said, "feeling sorry for yourself is the most unproductive and self-defeating." And his voice was more gentle than stern. His face, though, showed all the disappointment and

disbelief he felt at discovering someone who wasted his time on self-pity when the miracles of life lay all around him.

Often, during my formative years, I'd find Grandpa behind the plow. I was with him in the field one day, relishing the coolness of the moist furrow on my bare feet when two men drove up. Picking their way gingerly across the freshly plowed rows, they approached Grandpa and me, smiling and flushed.

Always happy to have company, Grandpa wrapped the mule's reins around the plow handle and held out his hand. "Come on up to the house," he said warmly. "I'll have Sal fix some coffee."

But the two men shook their heads, their faces serious. "We don't have time, Mr. Cavender. We've come to talk business." And they hurriedly presented their offer—one hundred dollars an acre for a thousand acres of his land to be filled for an airport.

Grandpa shook his head slowly, the twinkle still in his blue eyes. "Gentlemen," he said firmly, "I wouldn't sell my land for one *thousand* dollars an acre."

"But Mr. Cavender," one of the men sputtered. "With the money we're offering you, you could fill all your land and have a large, productive truck farm instead of the measly 20 acres you're working. And you could purchase modern machinery." His face was as red as one of our marsh crabs, and he stared at my grandfather's resolute eyes in disbelief.

"Good-day, gentlemen," Grandpa said, and although his voice was still friendly, I could tell by his twitching jaw muscles that the conversation had ended.

"Fill my land!" he mumbled later as we walked along the tidal flats. "This land will never be touched while I'm alive, and I trust it won't be after I'm gone. Because you see, Stan, the land doesn't belong to us. It belongs to them." His arm swept out across the lush marsh grass which concealed its myriad forms of wildlife.

"Didn't they offer you a lot of money, Grandpa?" I asked.

"Of all the perversities man is plagued with," he said slowly, "greed for money, at the expense of anything or anyone, is just about the basest." I had to turn my eyes away from his steady gaze, ashamed that such a thought had entered my mind.

To Grandpa, any extra money was for one purpose only: to help those who didn't have any. One evening just at twilight he was sitting on the front porch reading the newspaper when I saw something I'd never seen before: tears rolling down his cheeks. Then, later in the evening, I heard him talking with Grandma.

"What would we do with new living-room furniture anyway, considering all the mud I bring in?" he asked.

He was gone when I woke up, and Grandma told me at breakfast that he'd driven into town.

"He read about a home for blind children in San José," she said proudly, "and he went in to see what he could do to help."

I knew how long Grandma had been saving for the furniture, but what Grandpa had wanted to do with the money was far more important. When he returned, he had two blind children with him. Taking them out to the russet marshlands, he described, with as much animation and detail as if this were his first time, the beauties of every living thing around him. And each weekend thereafter he brought two more children out to the farm. I knew then that the only tears I'd ever seen him shed were because these children couldn't see the things that were his very life.

Yet, in my child's heart, I resented the moments they took away from my own precious time with Grandpa. And though he said nothing for many weeks, I knew Grandpa was well aware of my feelings.

One morning we found a fuzzy clapper rail chick that had wandered from its mother's nest. It took us several hours to find a well-concealed clapper nest, far from where we had found the chick. Yet, when Grandpa placed the black fluff on the ground, it rushed over to the pickleweed, and the mother rail welcomed the errant babe.

"Isn't it wonderful how elastic love is?" Grandpa said. "No matter how many we love, we can always stretch our hearts out to receive one more." And his eyes looked deep into mine.

From that moment, I not only welcomed the blind children, I helped Grandpa open to their dark world the wonderful colors of the tidelands he so unselfishly shared with me.

While in high school I didn't get out to Grandpa's as often as I wanted to. When I did go, a week before graduation, I waited with all my childhood anticipation as he put on his walking jacket. While we ambled along, skirting the shimmering tidal pools, I talked eagerly of my recently awarded honors: I had the highest grade average and had been chosen class valedictorian.

As I talked excitedly, Grandpa was quiet, amusement in his deep blue eyes.

"I'm almost as proud of you as you seem to be of yourself," he said at last, his eyes twinkling.

I was able to hold his gaze for only a few moments before I burst out laughing. Then I put my arm around his still square shoulders, and we continued our walk toward a slough where two cormorants had just swooped down.

"Isn't this a wonderful moment to share, Grandpa?" I said, winking, and his eyes sparkled in his weather-worn face. . . .

But this morning as I walk through the marshlands all light seems suddenly subdued. The sky hangs low over the distant salt grass, and a momentary hush falls over the tidelands—just as if all life here knew that Grandpa would never again walk the levee tops.

Then a foam white egret skims a slough surface and the plaintive cry of a killdeer breaks the silence.

As if on key, the rails begin their raucous clatter, and the marshland commences to throb with life. Suddenly a gentle breeze bends the golden heads of cordgrass, like a giant hand caressing creation.

Grandpa's presence is here in everything he left behind him—and especially in me and in the awakening curiosity of my young son. And of all the things he left, I know the most wonderful is his legacy of love, for his love was power and his power was love.

When Grandma appears, holding my son by a chubby finger, I seize his other eager hand and the three of us stroll along the well-worn paths. The wonders of the marshland unfold before us and a giant presence is in everything we behold . . . another wonderful moment to share. □

Kaleidoscope

OUR WORLD is colored, perhaps even more than we know, by the kaleidoscopic impressions of reality—and unreality—reflected on television screens, motion-picture film, and printed pages, or that come to us through music, the theater, and other art forms.

Kaleidoscope *is our attempt to put some Christian focus on these shifting, fragmented impressions.*

Television

One evening long ago on a Kansas street I shook hands with Alfred M. Landon. Our little town was a stop in his campaign for governor—a campaign he won, although he lost his race for the presidency later.

We high-school students in the crowd were awed by the sight of a man who might become governor—students were awed easily then—but I didn't get any real impression of Mr. Landon. That had to wait until just a few years ago when television brought us that salty gentleman in a dual interview with Harry Truman.

Through the courtesy of today's television screens, this year's candidates are showing up in our living rooms more often than some of the family. With such familiarity you'd think we could be more sophisticated in our voting decisions.

Maybe. But there are some booby traps.

Like everybody else, I think I can tell how honest a politician is by the way he squirms or stays calm when he is pinned to the wall by reporters' questions. But courtroom lawyers learned long ago that the witness who hesitates, squirms, and even contradicts himself may be an honest man. It's liars who are experienced in looking you straight in the eye and giving you a glib answer.

Some people have great television personalities, and others don't. John F. Kennedy did, and was elected president in 1960. Richard Nixon didn't, and he learned then how important it was. By 1968 he was making determined efforts to be warm, humorous, and folksy on camera, and he won. This time around things are more even for him. George McGovern often comes over pretty bland unless he is forced into a corner.

In spite of Mr. Nixon's stiffness before the cameras, no President of the United States has ever made more dramatic appearances on TV than he did during his history-making visits to Peking and Moscow. Certainly these were legitimate news events, and nobody could call them political campaigning, but they have had an incalculable political effect, just the same.

Actually, the party in power always has the advantage, as far as free television time is concerned. Under what the Federal Communications Commission calls its "fairness doctrine," a broadcasting station that gives free time to one political candidate is required to give free equal time to every other candidate for the same office. But whether an officeholder is speaking solely because his office requires it or at least partly as a political campaigner is a moot question, and there are a lot of hot debates over equal time.

Another variable: all communications media have a habit of going where the action is. But if live reports of a demonstration distract the public eye from more solid representative action, they result in distorted emphasis. Even more than print media, television is susceptible to choosing action because TV is a visual medium. The strict time frame in which it has to operate gives it problems in reporting all the news, too.

The networks' 1972 election coverage has been affected noticeably by the vice-president's frequent attacks on "network bias" and "liberal eastern commentators." In reality most commentators have always tried to stick to the journalistic ethic of reporting the facts without personal bias, and they do a much better job than most people realize. But the vice-president's criticism has put them on notice that what one man sees as a fact may look like an opinion to somebody else. And commentators, as well as news directors and station managers, are painfully aware that when a station's license comes up for renewal, the decision is made by a government agency.

With all this, TV is a big help in deciding who we want to vote for. But we still have to weigh all the campaign appearances, promises, and posturings against the records of the parties and the candidates. That is hard work, if we do it right, but Christians can be sure it's the Lord's work.

The New Found Land, NBC, Tuesday, Nov. 14, 10 p.m. (EST), about the discovery and early exploration of North America, is the first episode in **America**, a 13-part color series scheduled for alternate Tuesdays.

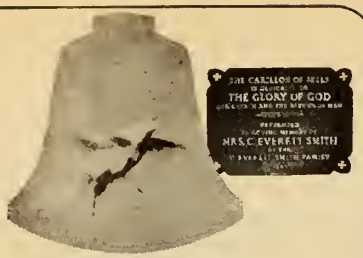
Preparing for the series has taken host-narrator Alistair Cooke into more sections of the United States than most widely traveled Americans have gone. Coproduced by the British Broadcasting Corporation and Time-Life Films, **America** will be sponsored by Xerox Corporation.

Print

During the first half of 1972, the level of television viewing in America climbed to 6 hours and 16 minutes a day. In spite of all this watching, few of us have any idea what the television industry is really like.

Investigative journalist Martin Mayer has turned out a balanced, informative book on it in **About Television** (Harper & Row, $10).

The old and new politics contrast sharply in **The Consent of the Governed and Other Deceits** (Little, Brown, $8.95) and **Winning Elections: A Handbook in Participatory Politics** (Swallow Press, $6). The first, by



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veteran Washington correspondent Arthur Krock, is an anecdotal report on how our elected representatives act when they get to the nation's capital. It is a knowledgeable study of power.

The second book, by young independent Chicago alderman Dick Simpson, tells independent voters how to organize and defy the two-party system. His own election is the case that proves his point. The victory was over the powerful Cook County Democratic machine headed by Richard J. Daley.

"I also know I must try not to feel more sorry for myself than for Noah, but some days I forget."

Novelist Josh Greenfeld's second son, Noah, is hauntingly beautiful. And he is an autistic child, shut away in his own world, hearing only what he wants to hear, communicating only when he cares to.

A Child Called Noah (Holt Rinehart Winston, $5.95) is Mr. Greenfeld's diary of Noah's first five years. It is a movingly honest record of pain, disappointment, frustration, and love.

When French author Simone de Beauvoir was asked to describe her reason for writing **The Coming of Age** (Putnam, $10), she sent a long note to her publisher.

"Are the old really human beings? Judging by the way our society treats them, the question is open to doubt. Since it refuses them what they consider the necessary minimum, and since it deliberately condemns them to extreme poverty, to slums, to ill health, loneliness and despair, it asserts that they have neither the same needs nor the same rights as other members of the community . . . The aged man is the Venerable Sage who planes high above this mundane sphere. He is an old fool, wandering in his dotage. He may be placed above our kind or below it; but in either event he is banished from it, excluded. But what is thought an even better policy than dressing up the facts is that of taking no notice of them whatsoever—old age is a shameful secret, a forbidden subject."

With *The Coming of Age*, it is a secret no more. This monumental book is a veritable encyclopedia of information about aging. And it is written with power and great compassion.

"Is Jesus Christ relevant to contemporary society? I believe the wisdom and compassion demanded to solve any of today's personal societal problems cannot be found in any person or place other than in the power of God, working through a man. Such committed men can make the dramatic difference."

Such a committed man is U.S. Senator Mark O. Hatfield, who made that statement, and the senator believes in putting his commitment into words. He has addressed numerous evangelical conferences, and now he has set forth what he believes in the book **Conflict and Conscience** (Word, $4.95). This volume reflects the Oregon senator's commitment to a Christian faith that demands involvement through responsible social and political outreach.

Adults take fairy tales for granted, but to the child who hasn't heard them they are as new as if they were being told for the first time.

A new edition of **The Ugly Duckling** (Abelard-Schuman, $4.38) is a work of art, as well. The German translation of the beloved Hans Christian Andersen story has been edited by Phyllis Hoffman, and the duckling and his disdainful brothers and sister are brought to life in pictures that could hang in a gallery. Josef Palecek was the artist.

Another extremely beautiful book for children, and also about a bird, is **The Boy and the Bird** (John Day, $3.95), by Tamao Fujita. It has been translated from the Japanese by Kiyoko Tucker and illustrated with evocative paintings by Chiyo Ono. This is the story of a little boy who set his caged bird free to enjoy the delights of the country and then searched despairingly for him. The story is allowed to end happily, and on the last page we find boy and bird back together again.

Films

A recent ad in the show-business trade paper *Variety* predicted that film makers are going to be producing more films for general audiences. This will be a welcome relief, and we hope that some current pictures do mark a trend in that direction.

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Sounder (G)—"You lose some of the time what you go after, but you lose all of the time what you don't go after," a black sharecropper tells his son in this powerful drama of a year in the life of a family. The year is a Depression year, and the Morgans' goal is existence itself. Their struggle for it celebrates the power of love and laughter and the resilience that lie deep within human beings who have faith in themselves and each other. As the film ends, young David Lee Morgan, played by 13-year-old Kevin Hooks, is setting out from the family he adores to get an education so he can make something of himself—for himself, for his people, for all people.

The story is based on an award-winning children's book, but this is not simply a child's film. In fact small children will find it disturbing. It doesn't shun reality for general audience appeal. If you've lived in the South, and can remember the Depression, you will know how true it is. There isn't a false note. Under Martin Ritt's direction this has become a film for all people.

Butterflies Are Free (*PG*)—That rare thing, a film comedy that sends you away from the theater feeling good. It is about a blind young man who has left home and taken his own apartment to get away from a domineering mother. He and a bouncy young neighbor have a brief affair, which his mother manages to break up, but in the end the girl returns to him. Although the young man, played by Edward Albert, is blind, the real theme of this picture is relationships. It starts out as a comedy, gets heavy as the contest between the mother and the girl intensifies, and then becomes light again at the end. Excellent performances by Edward Albert, Eileen Heckart as his mother, and Goldie Hawn as the girl provide the lift that makes this picture special.

The Candidate (*PG*)—Robert Redford gives a fine performance as a liberal political novice who wins an upset victory over a veteran California senator, but whose ideals take a beating in the political process. This is the kind of expertly made picture you sometimes think film studios have stopped making. —*Helen Johnson*

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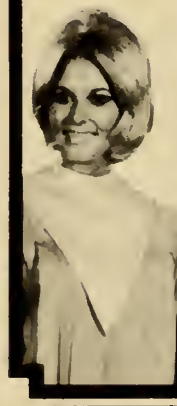

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Jottings

Unless you are a brand-new reader, you may already have noticed three new department headings in this issue:

Say It!

You Asked . . .

and *Kaleidoscope*.

Although it has been necessary—due to certain economic facts of life—to reduce the number of pages in this and future issues of *Together*, two of our new departments will give readers an even greater opportunity to contribute to the magazine.

Say It! means exactly what it "says." It is a safety valve, so to speak, for letters that don't exactly fit into our regular *Letters* department, which is being retained. If you have something you want to get off your chest, something you would like to lament or praise, a new idea, something not necessarily related to the magazine's content, something you have been holding back—well, come right out and *Say It!*

A word of caution, however: make your *Say It!* letters as brief as possible because we hope to print several in each issue.

As for *You Asked . . .* this new department actually enlarges the scope of our popular *Your Faith* and *Teens* features. We hopefully anticipate some interesting—and difficult—questions from our readers. What do you want to know about family problems, your church, your faith, even religions other than Christianity? For the answers, we will continue to feature Dr. **Dale White**, Bishop **James S. Thomas**, and other leading authorities in the fields involved.

Kaleidoscope recognizes the communications revolution by combining sections formerly devoted to books, television, and films—adding new elements from the arts and leisure-time activities. As **Helen Johnson** points out in her first column [page 45], we will be taking a look at a variety of media from time to time. Books, however, will probably remain a major topic in *Kaleidoscope*. We believe in books and think they will be around a long time, television to the contrary. (We read somewhere recently that the prophets of doom thought books would pass from the scene when the bicycle was invented!)

Having something to say, and not minding saying it, is Mrs. **Margaret Haun**, author of *Is Anyone There?* [page 17]. The mother of two sons and a daughter, grandmother of 11, she lists her hobbies as writing, gardening, and rug-making. Although many years removed from the "rebellious generation," Mrs. Haun indicates that she can be something of a rebel herself. She tells us that her "rustic little redwood home" at Santa Cruz, Calif., "has always epitomized my early day rebellion against the plastic environment."

Anyway, Mrs. Haun tells us, she once rashly offered to demonstrate her ideas of *shibui*, the Japanese art of appreciation. Among the things she displayed were a reed mat, a small wood breadboard, a heavy metal spoon made by the blind, a pottery ash tray which became—upside down—the base for a candle, and many baskets.

Everything went off so well, Mrs. Haun said, that it "proved once again to me that one should endeavor always to keep that 'growing edge' alive by once in a while attempting something different."

And speaking of "something different," it would be hard to beat the experience of **Stanley Medders** who wrote *A Wonderful Moment to Share* [page 42]. It happened when he took his first teaching job at a small town in California—and was named coach of the baseball team.

"Never having even played baseball," he says, "I was at a complete loss on how to proceed in my coaching duties. My biggest worry was my 'loss of face' when the team learned I knew absolutely nothing about baseball."

As it happened, Mr. Medder's team won every game they played, including the league championship!

Let Mr. Medders finish the story: "As they carried me off the field after their final win, the captain of the team looked up at me and grinned: 'There's only one favor we'd like to ask of you, Mr. Medders. If you coach us again next year, would you *please* not come to the league games dressed in your *suit* and *tie*!' "

If you know more about tapestry art than we do, you will understand what one writer meant in commenting on the work of **John Coburn**, the artist whose designs illustrate *Seven Days of Creation* on pages 2-5.

"John Coburn has developed a firm, flat-surface style built upon simple organic forms about which sonorous colours glow and play," according to one Australian commentator. "His work owes something to Manessier and Pre-Colombian art; and he is one of the very few painters in Sydney who has succeeded in endowing non-figurative work with genuine religious feeling."

Mr. Coburn has participated in many one-man shows and group exhibitions, has taught in the National Art School at Sydney, and at the Technical College, Canberra. He was awarded the Blake Prize for Religious Art in 1960 and the Maitland Prize in 1966.

We must assume, since she wrote the poem inside this month's cover, that autumn is one of **Audrey B. Murdock**'s favorite seasons. We don't have to assume the same thing for **Douglas Pitts, Jr.**, who took the accompanying color picture. He comes right out and says "fall is my favorite season."

Mr. Pitts has many autumn pictures in his files—not to mention others depicting spring, summer, and winter scenes. "Camping has always been a big thing in our family," he says, "and most of my pictures were made on family camping trips." New Mexico, it seems, is one of his favorite scenic states, and golden aspens growing near Santa Fe were willing subjects for his autumn picture in this issue.

—*Your Editors*

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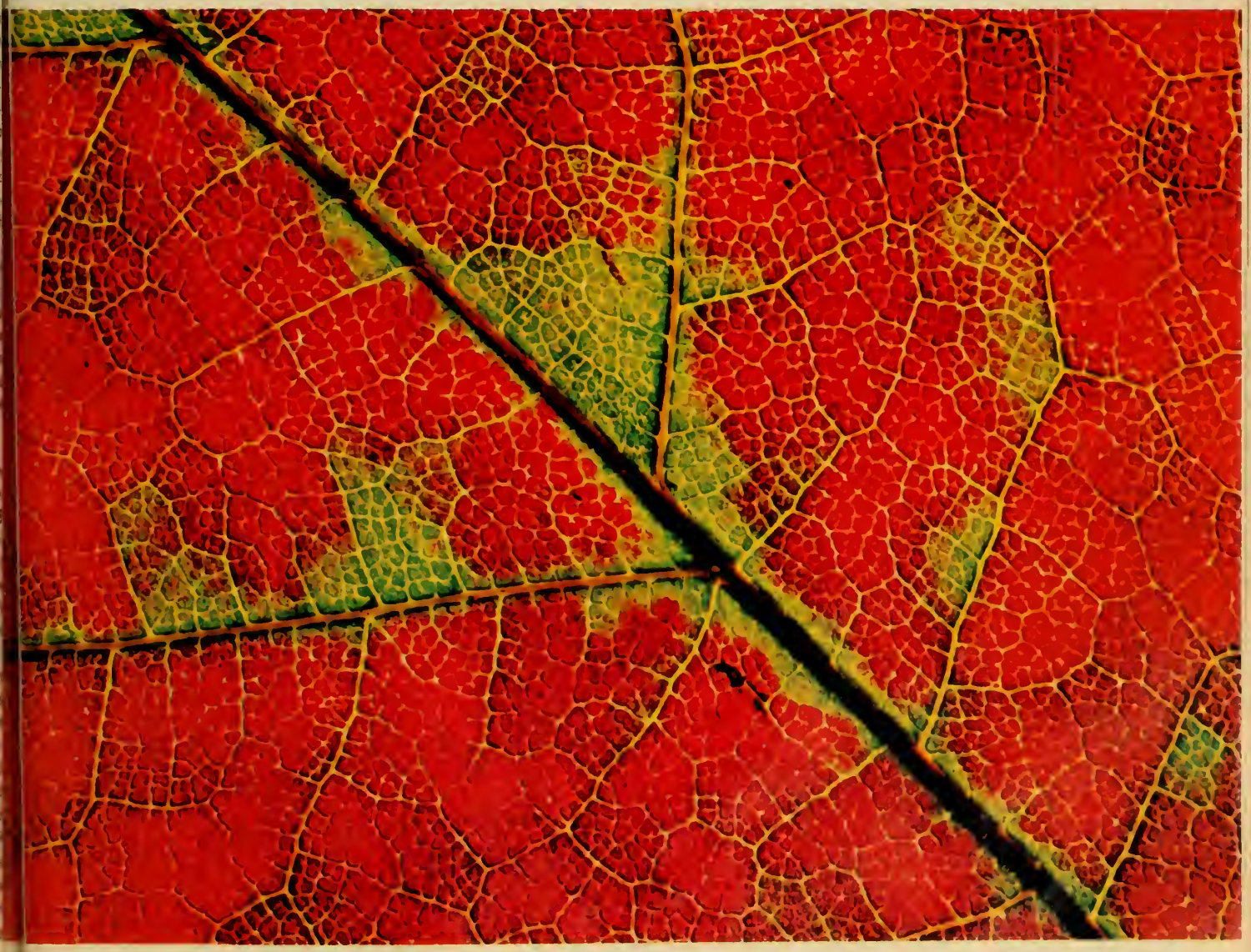
ROUND

Racing with the months that hold
Snow and ice and storm and cold,
Lessened day and longer dark,
Autumn turns its final arc.

Now potatoes are brought in,
Freezer filled and shelves and bin.
Earth, the Worker, from her keep
Has given gifts—and asks now, sleep.

—*Virginia Scott Miner*



Norman Rockwell conveyed the spirit of Thanksgiving in a family portrait showing heads bowed in the solemn spirit of prayer—thirty years ago. Today we have no less to be thankful for and expressions of renewed faith and gratitude to God are just as numerous. But the scene has changed.

Like Thanksgiving, TOGETHER magazine has changed with the times. It keeps up with its growing readership in feature stories on United Methodists from around the globe; interesting articles on everything from "Men of God in the Military" to "How Christ Really Looked"; beautiful art and photography showing people living and witnessing their faith in diverse settings —from circus tents to the rugged Teton Mountains of Wyoming; and readers don't hesitate to get their views across in "Letters to the Editors." Share TOGETHER this Thanksgiving and enjoy the feast of reading material it brings to you!

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